

DELL

ZANE GREY'S
Stories of the West

JUNE-AUG.

Still 10¢
NO. 996

NEVADA

"Major" Doone had a familiar face.
Nearly too late, Nevada remembered
where he had seen it before . . .
on a "Wanted for Murder" poster.



THE COWBOY-AT WORK, AT PLAY

THE COWBOY'S SADDLE GUN



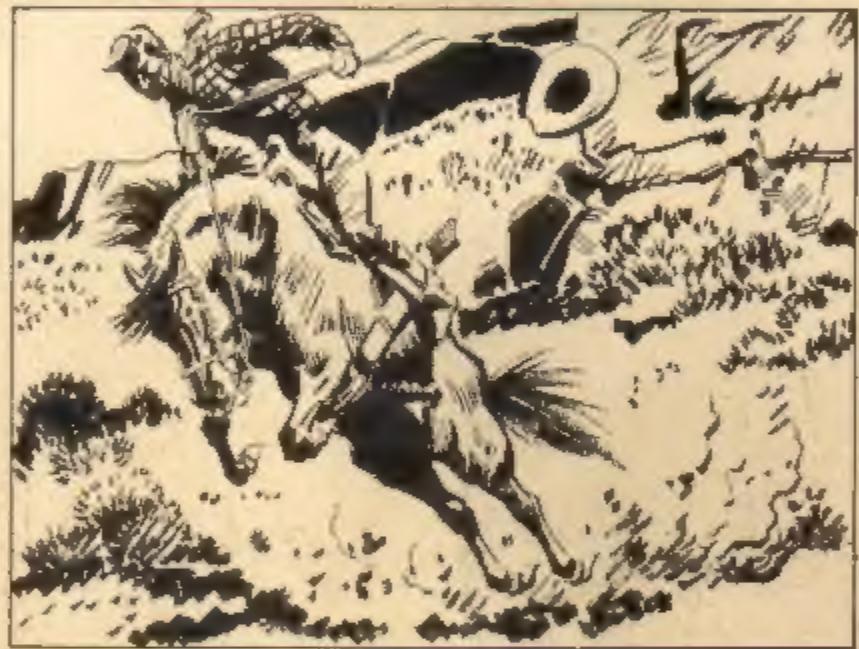
THE PERFECT SADDLE GUN WAS, AND IS, THE LIGHT, SLAB-SIDED, WINCHESTER CARBINE, CALIBER 30/30, "THE COWBOY'S FAVORITE."



WITH THE SCABBARD IN THIS POSITION, THE SADDLE GUN IS READY FOR A QUICK DRAW---IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO REIN A HORSE.



THE SUDDEN TARGET MAY BE A RUNNING COYOTE---ONE OF THE HARDEST OF ALL MARKS TO HIT! A COWBOY ALWAYS TRIES!



...OR IT MAY BE THAT THE COWBOY HIMSELF IS THE TARGET OF A "DRY-GULCHER"! A BULLET-NICKED HORSE BUCKS WILDLY---



...BUT WITH HIS SADDLE GUN ON THE LEFT SIDE, THE COWBOY CAN GRAB IT AS HE HITS THE GROUND---AND LET HIS HORSE GO!



NOW HE IS READY TO GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF---ALTHOUGH LEFT AFOOT! HE KNOWS HIS GUN, AND IT SERVES HIM WELL!

ZANE GREY'S STORIES OF THE WEST

THE CATTLE WAR

HOWDY, CHUCKWALLA! HOW ARE YOU MAKING OUT, THESE DAYS?

NOT SO GOOD, NEVADA! I'VE GOT A NEIGHBOR---



WHAT ISN'T SO GOOD ABOUT THIS NEIGHBOR OF YOURS, CHUCKWALLA?



HE CALLS HIMSELF "MAJOR DOONE"! NEW-COMER... BOUGHT OUT BRAD STEELE'S KETTLE BRAND, AND AIMS TO SPREAD IT OVER ALL THE RED BASIN, BY HOOK OR BY CROOK!

HAS HE TRIED TO HOOK YOU?



NOT ANY! THE PRICE HE OFFERED WOULD HAVE INSULTED A DIGGER INJUN! BUT HIS ORNERY, GUN-PACKING CREW HAVE BEEN FENCING MY COWS OFF FROM WATER, SHOOTING OUT MY WINDOW LIGHTS, AND BURNING MY HAY!



THERE HE COMES NOW--WITH HIS TOUGH-TALKING FOREMAN, HORROCKS, AND HIS LITTLE PRIVATE ARMY BEHIND HIM! TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

UM-HM! A RIGHT SALTY CREW, I'D SAY!



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MINUTES LATER---AS CHUCKWALLA HARRIS COMES OUT---



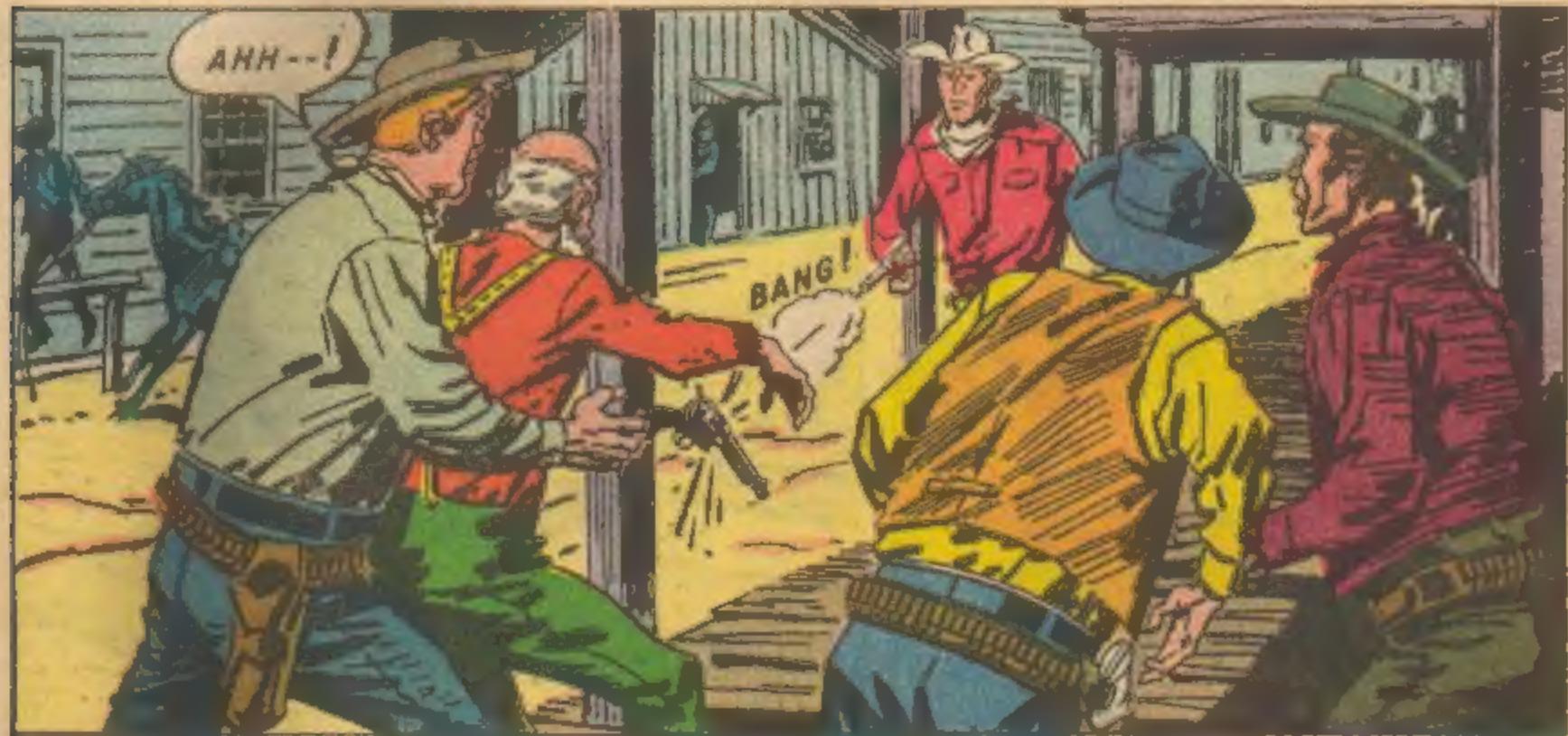
WHAT? YOU CALLING ME A LIAR---
YOU LITTLE PACK RAT?

HAW, HAW!
KNOCK HIS
HEAD OFF,
JACK!

SLAP!
CRACK!

DROP HIM, HORROCKS!

HUNH?



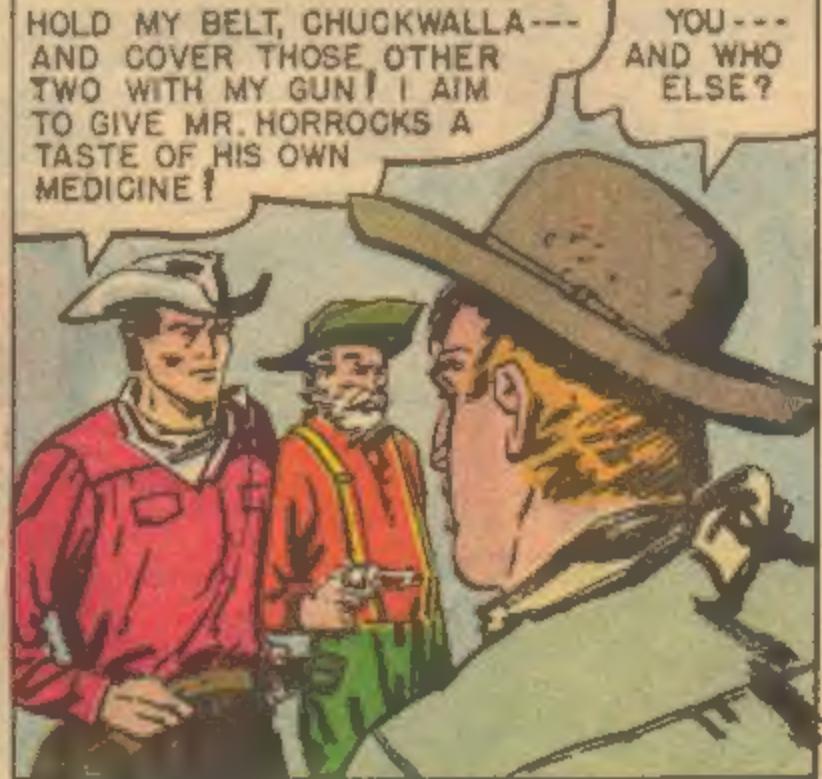
TH-THANKS,
NEVADA!

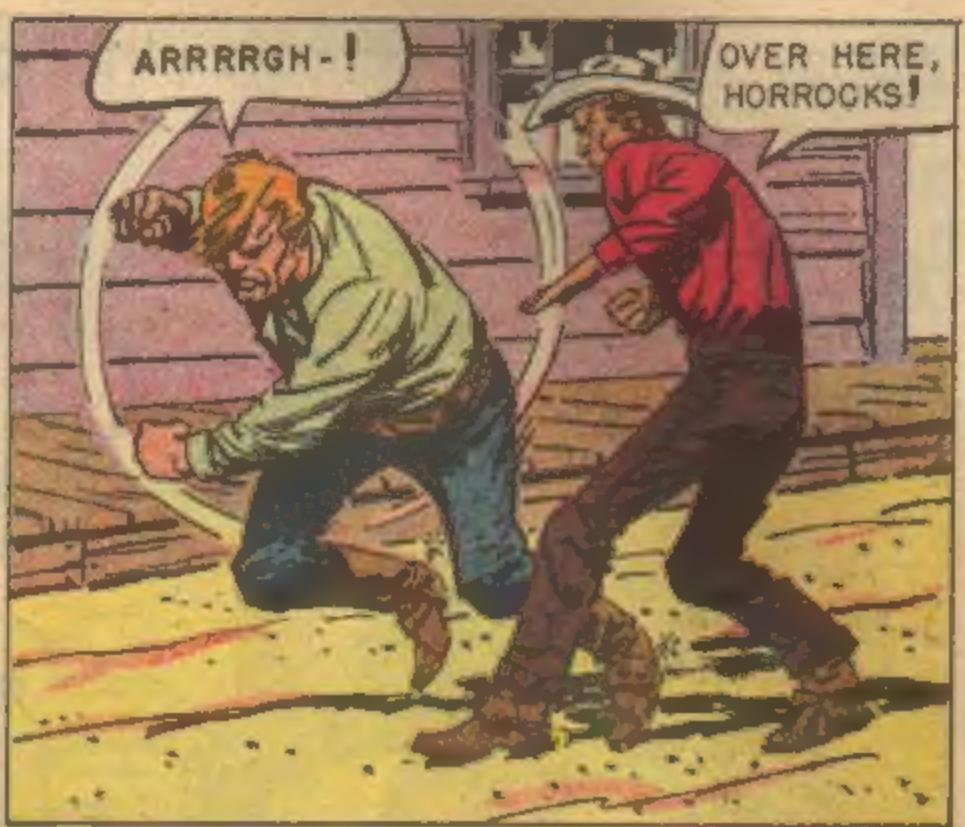
ALL RIGHT! YOU TWO KETTLE
HANDS --- UNBUCKLE YOUR
GUN BELTS AND STEP BACK
FROM THEM!



HOLD MY BELT, CHUCKWALLA---
AND COVER THOSE OTHER
TWO WITH MY GUN! I AIM
TO GIVE MR. HORROCKS A
TASTE OF HIS OWN
MEDICINE!

YOU---
AND WHO
ELSE?







YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO DRAW OUT ALL YOUR MONEY, MR. HARRIS?

ALL OF IT! I'M LEAVING THE COUNTRY!

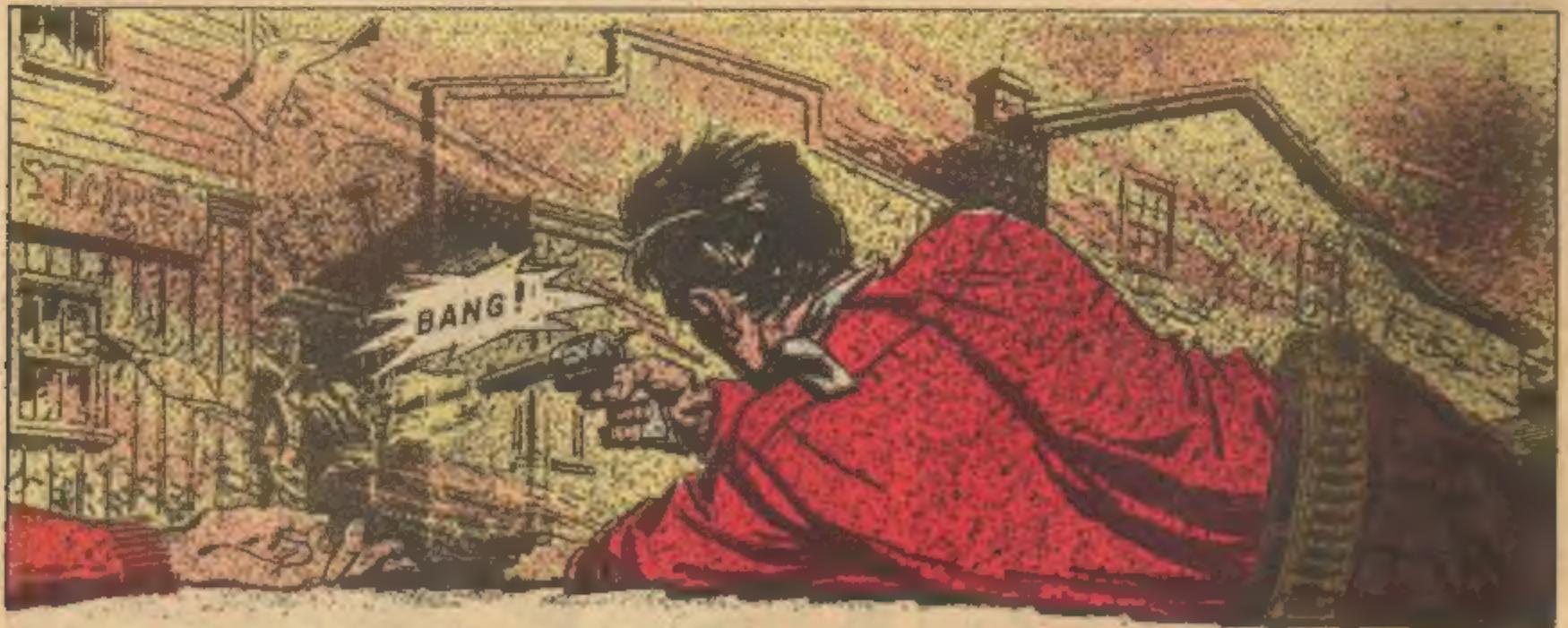
WATCH OUT THAT NOBODY TAKES IT AWAY FROM YOU, MR. HARRIS!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT NEVADA ALONG FOR!



BETTER PUT THAT MONEY OUT OF SIGHT, CHUCKWALLA!

YEAH! YEAH-- I GUESS SO, NEVADA --- BEFORE THEY BLOW AWAY!



DIVING, TO OFFER A SMALLER TARGET, NEVADA FIRES AS HE HITS THE GROUND! BUT THE BLOWING DUST OBSCURES THE ALLEY!

DEAD --- BY A BULLET THAT WAS LIKELY MEANT FOR ME! SORRY, PARDNER, THAT I WASN'T A BETTER BODY-GUARD! THEY GOT AWAY, TOO!



PUT UP YOUR GUNS, MAJOR! NEVADA ISN'T TRYING TO RUN!

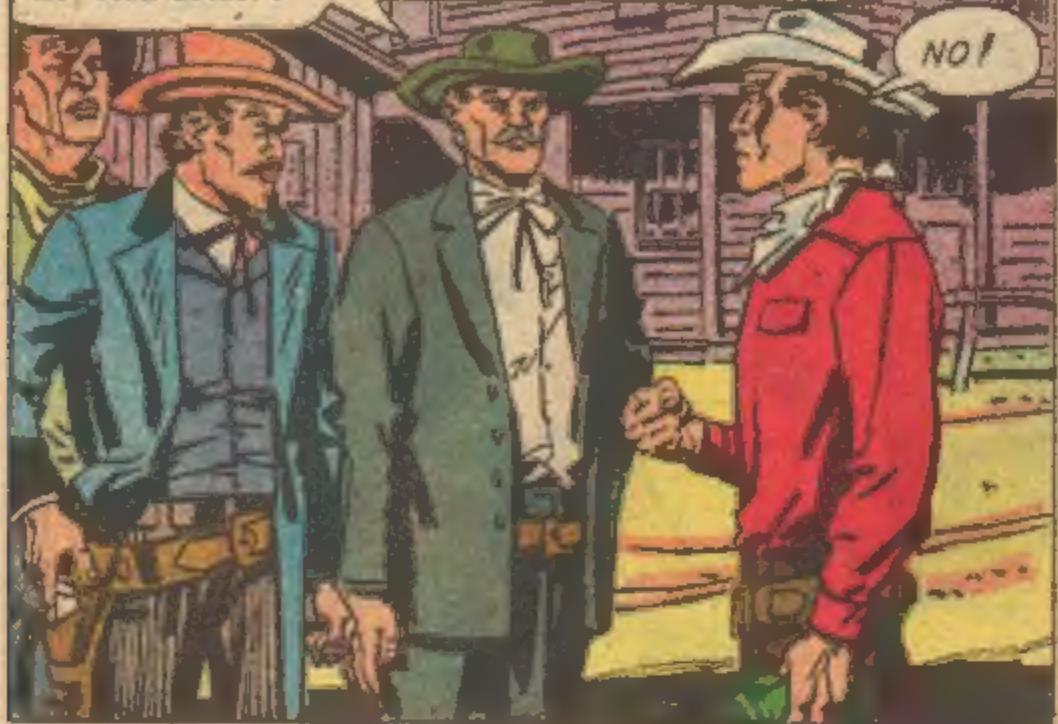
BUT I SAW HIM TRY TO GRAB THE MONEY FROM CHUCKWALLA HARRIS, AND THEN GUN HIM DOWN! HE'S A KILLER!



PUT UP YOUR GUNS, I SAID! I'M SHERIFF, AND I'LL HANDLE THIS!



NEVADA, YOU'VE BEEN ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW SINCE I'VE KNOWN YOU! DID YOU SHOOT YOUR FRIEND IN THE BACK?



TWO SHOTS CAME FROM THE ALLEY BY THE BANK! ONE HIT CHUCK-WALLA --- THE OTHER DRILLED MY HAT! BLOWING DUST KEPT ME FROM SEEING THE GUNMEN --- OR EVEN SHOOTING STRAIGHT!



IT'S THREE MEN'S WORD AGAINST THAT OF ONE! WHICH ARE YOU TAKING, SHERIFF?

PRIVATELY, I'M TAKING NEVADA'S! OFFICIALLY --- I'M SORRY, NEVADA, BUT I'VE GOT TO PULL YOU IN! YOUR GUN, PLEASE!



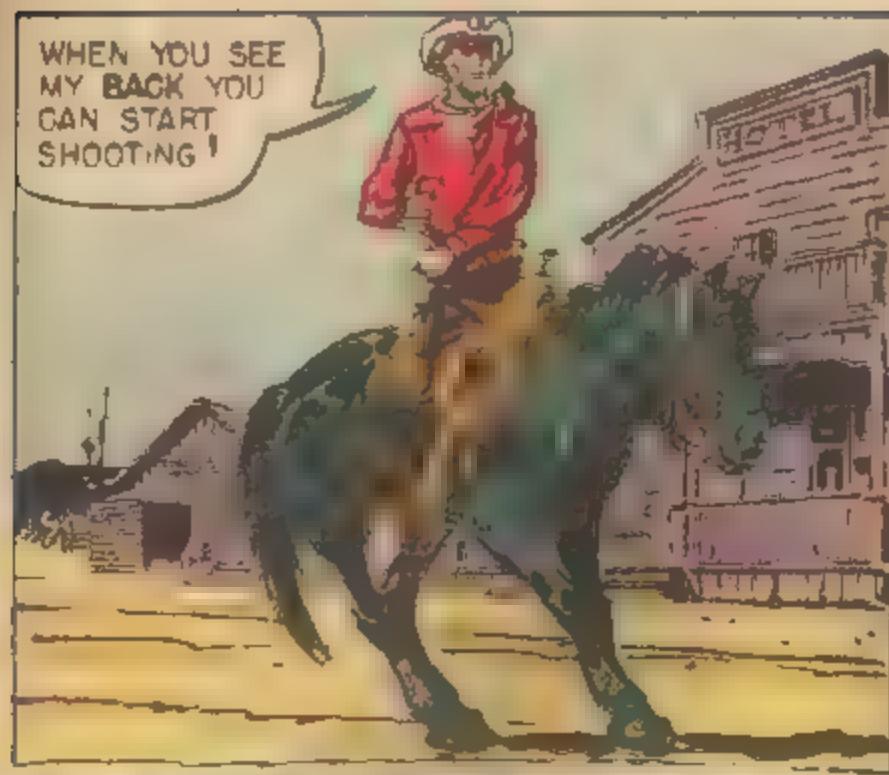
HOLD RIGHT STILL, GENTLEMEN! OFFICIALLY, THERE'D BE ENOUGH FALSE WITNESSES TO HANG ME --- WITH DOONE RUNNING THE SHOW! I'M NOT GIVING THEM THE CHANCE!



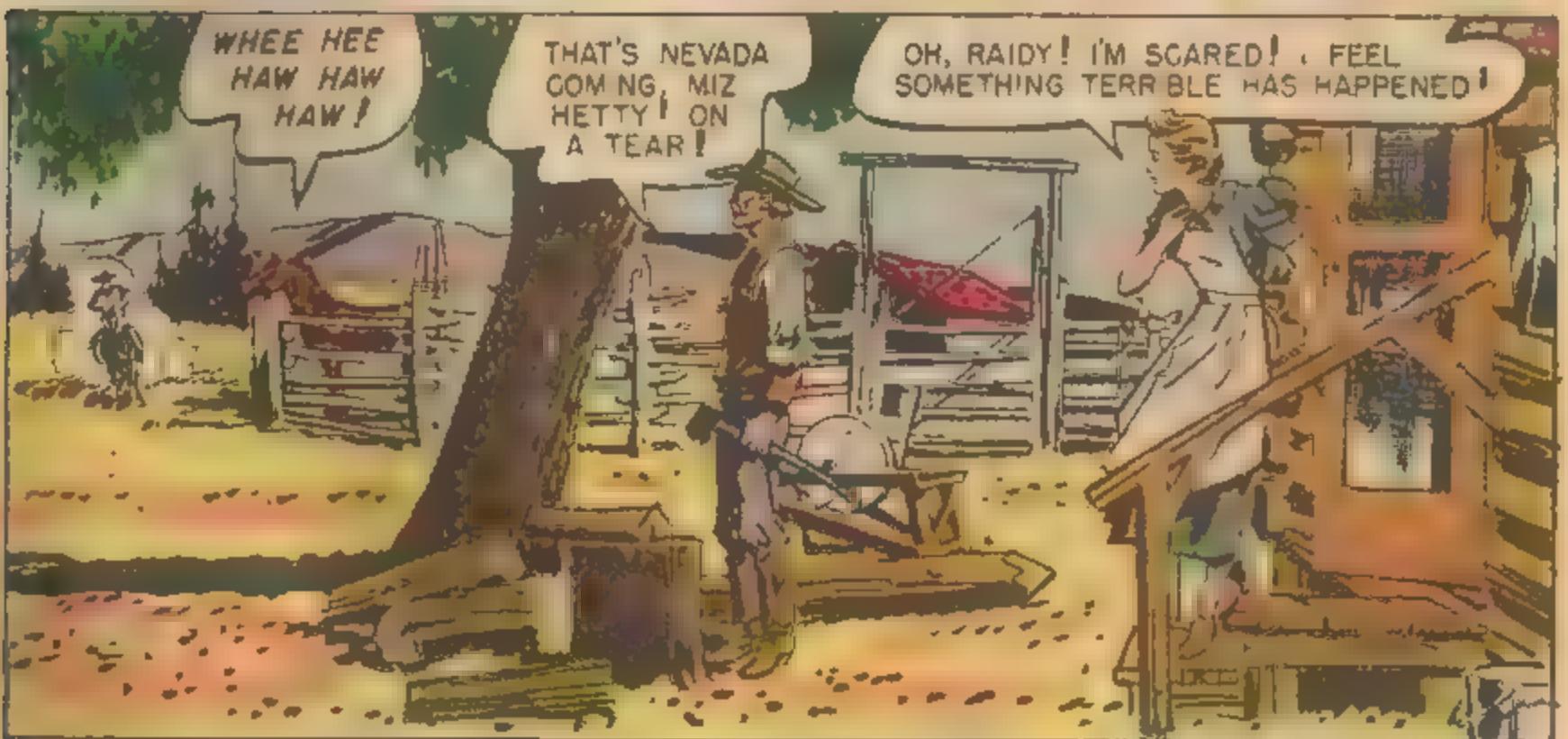
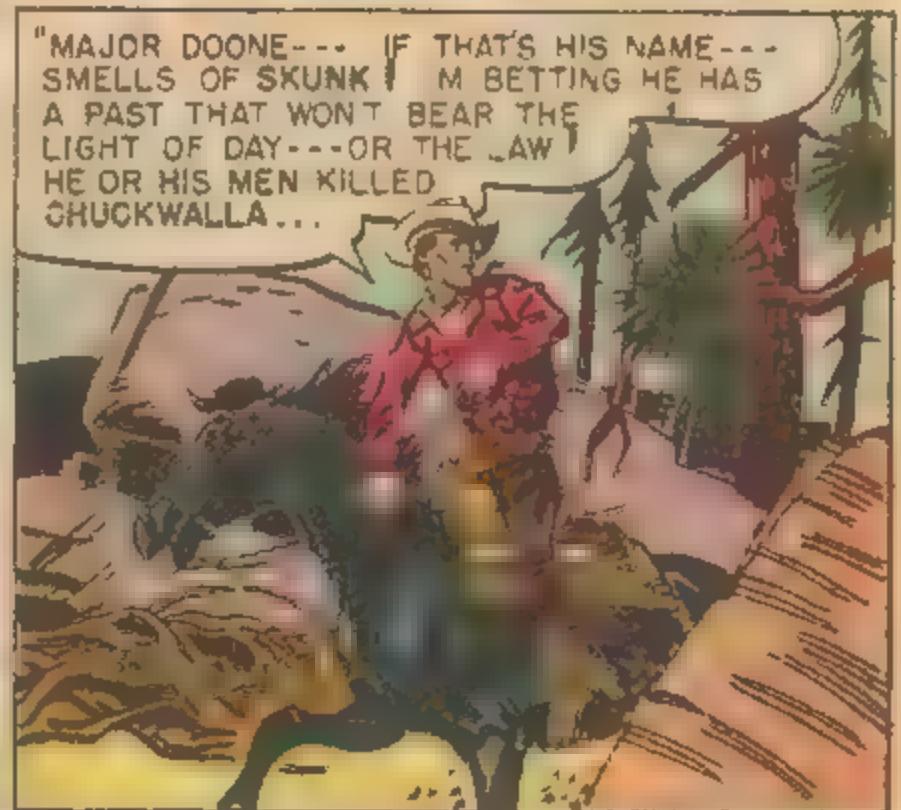
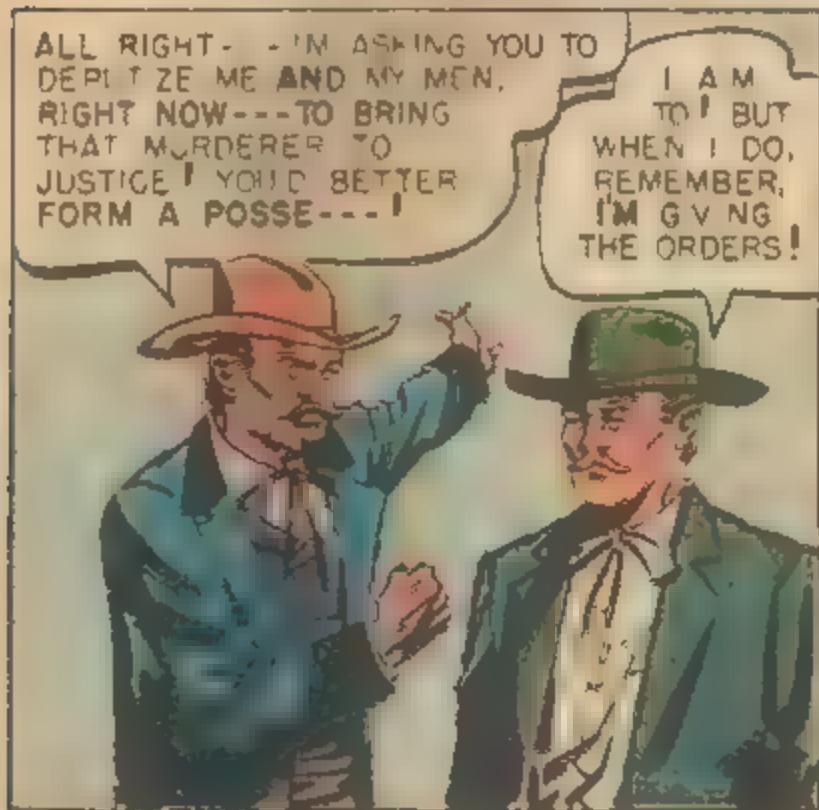
NEVADA'S LIGHTNING DRAW IS TOO FAST TO FOLLOW!

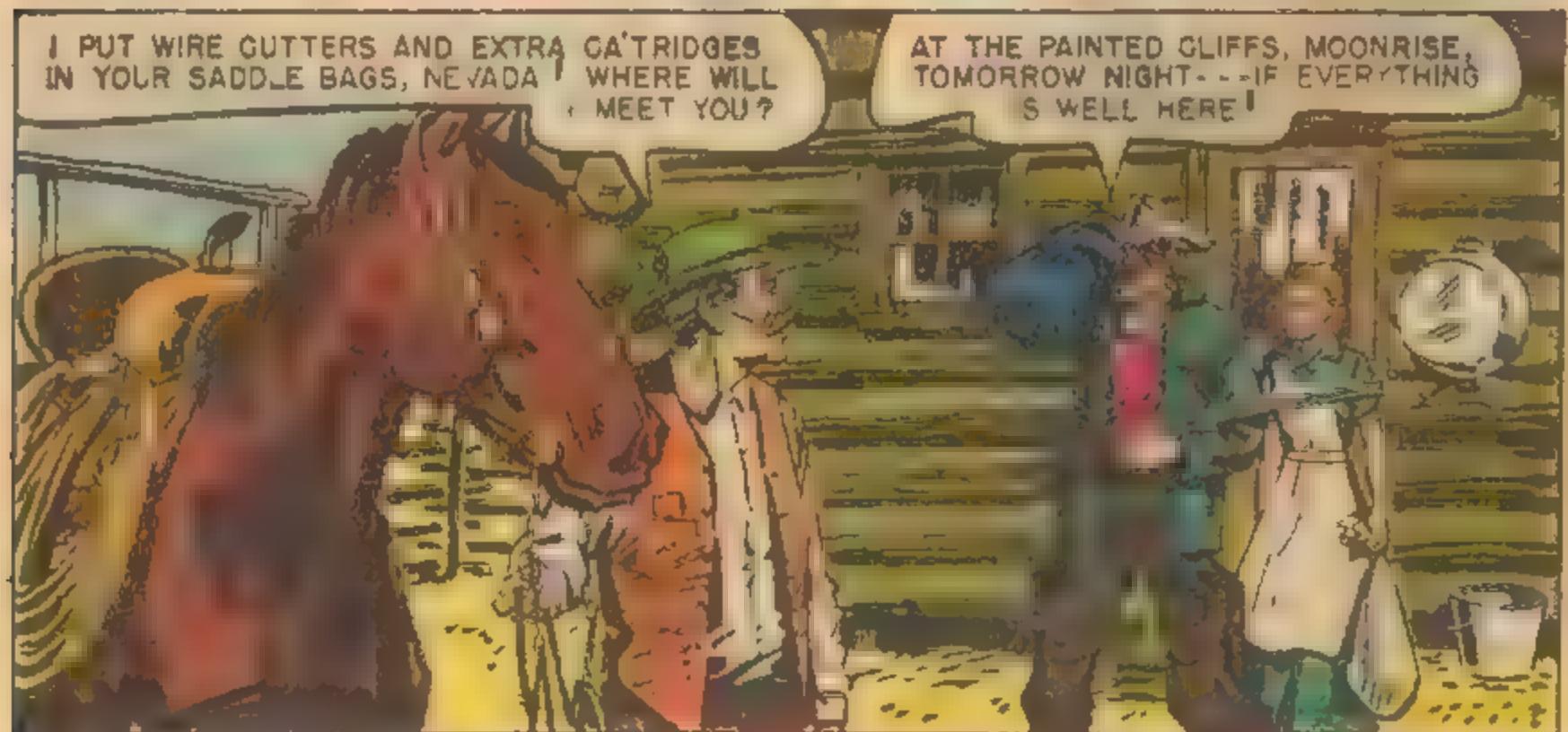
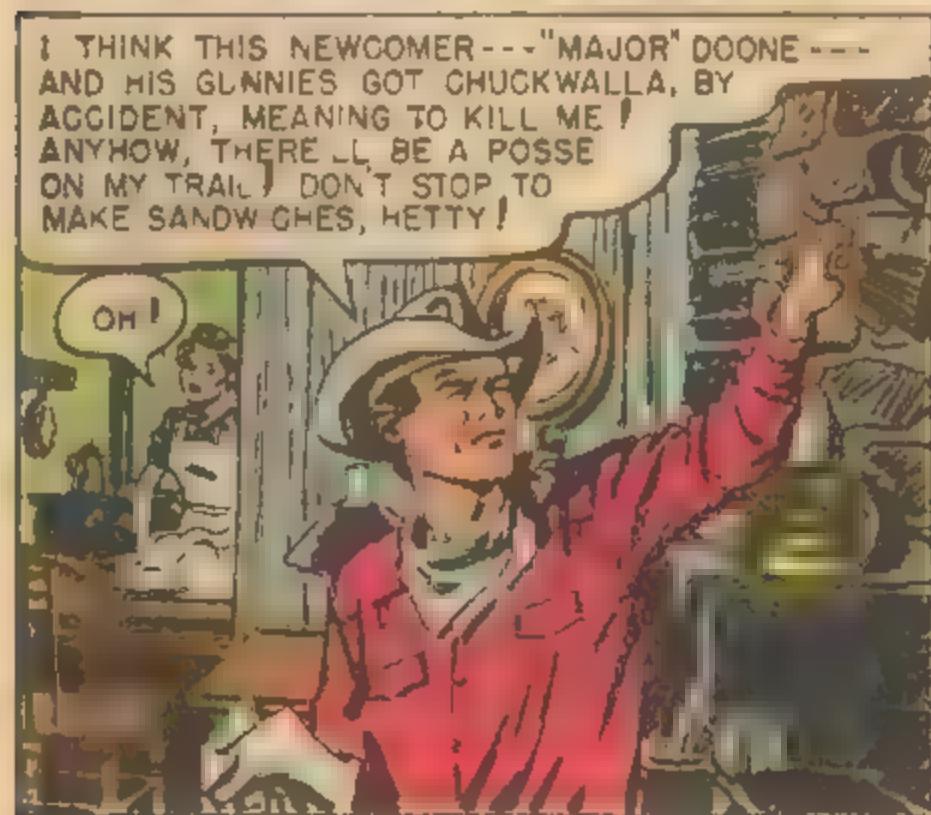
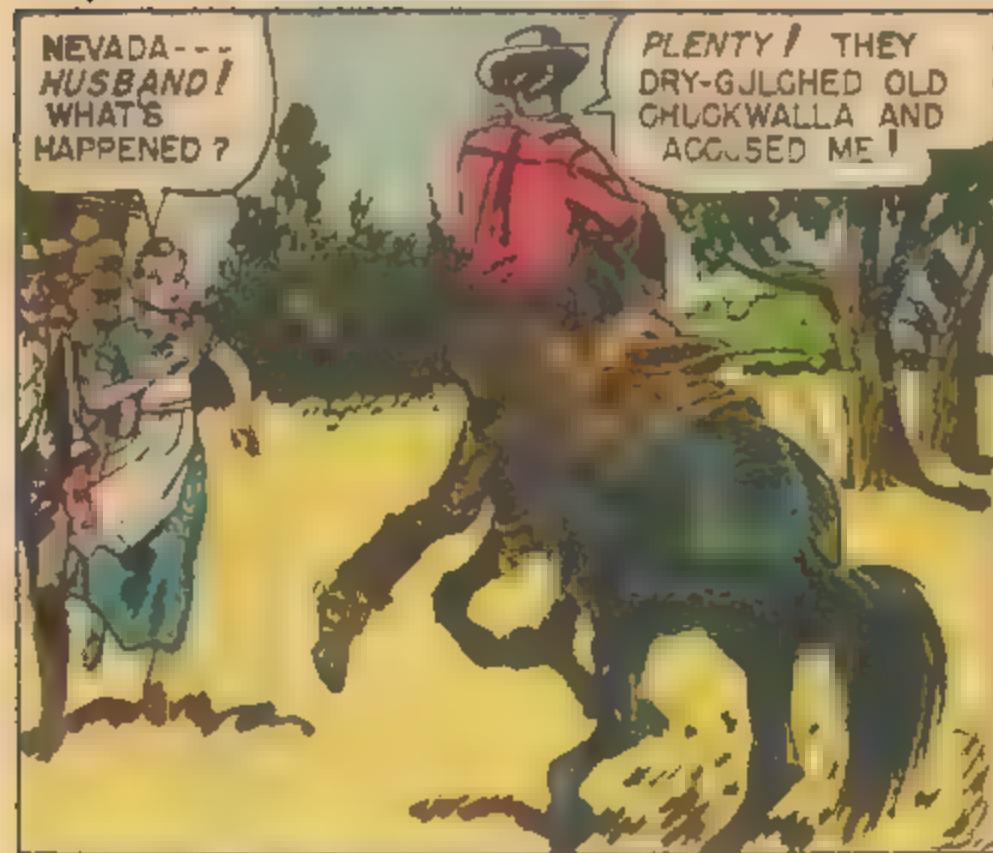
GENTLEMEN, DON'T MOVE! I'M RIDING!

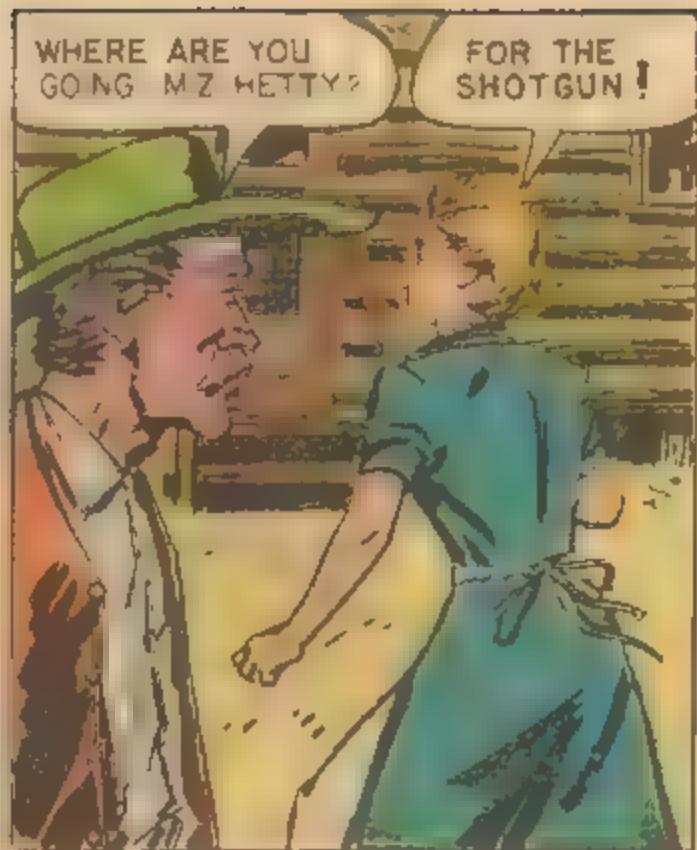


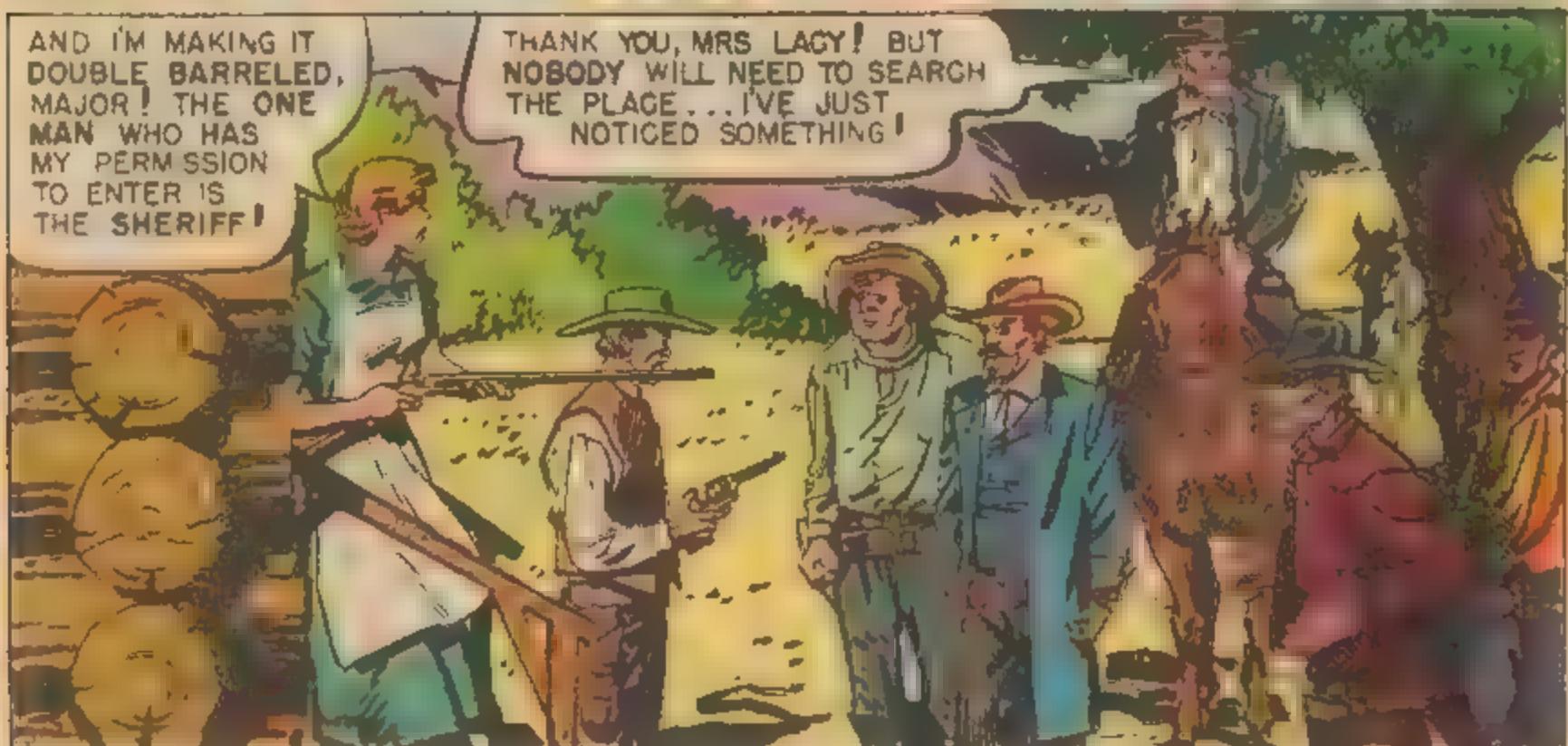
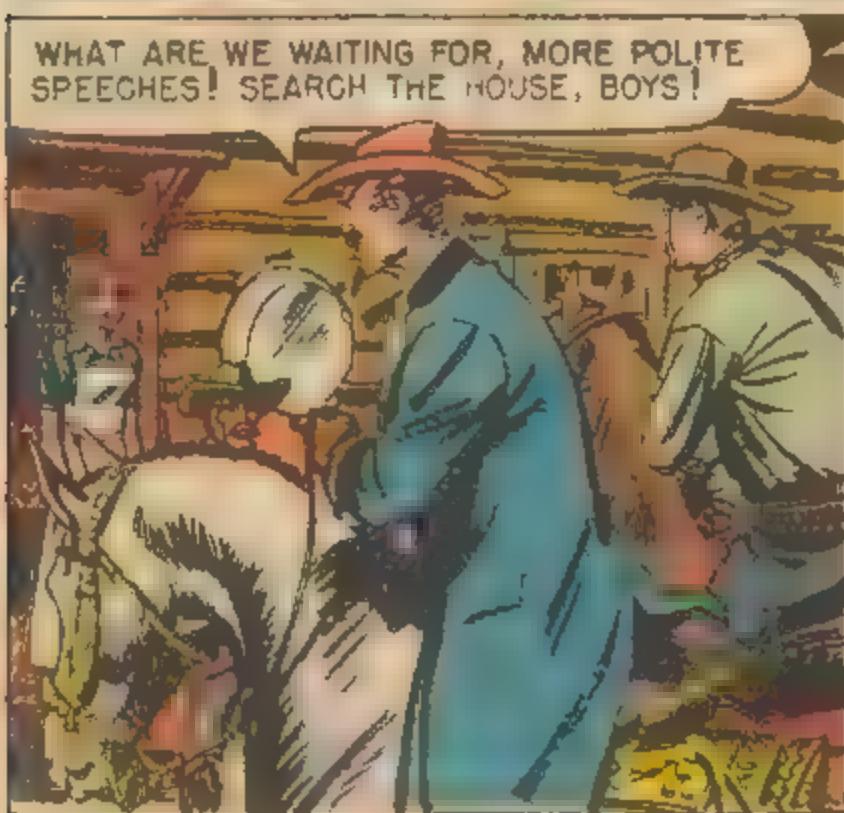
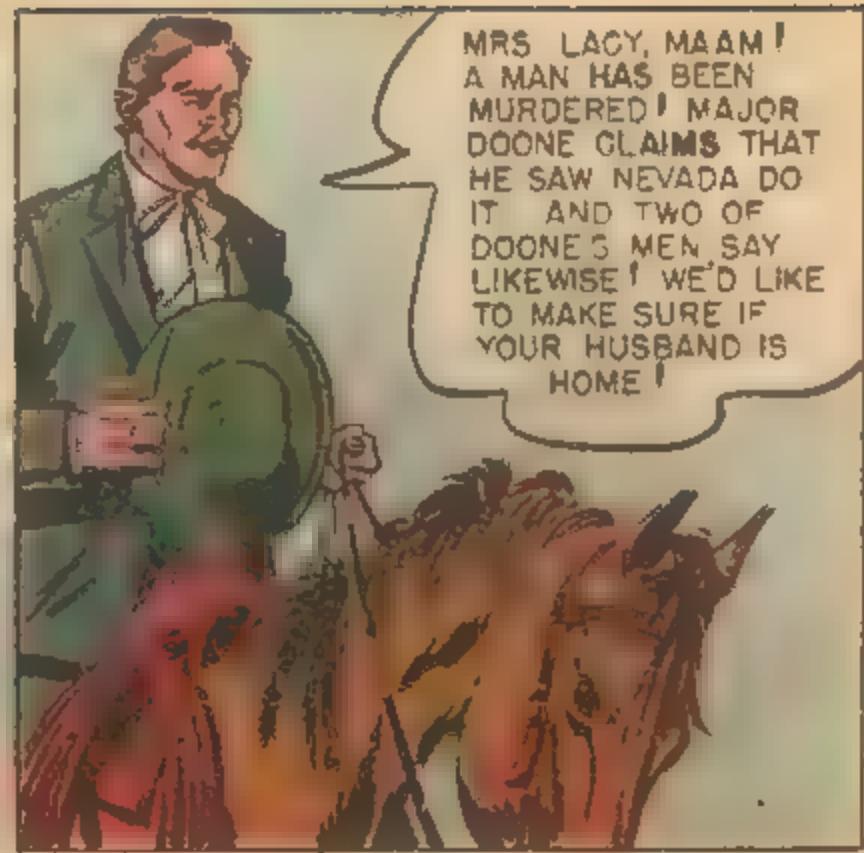
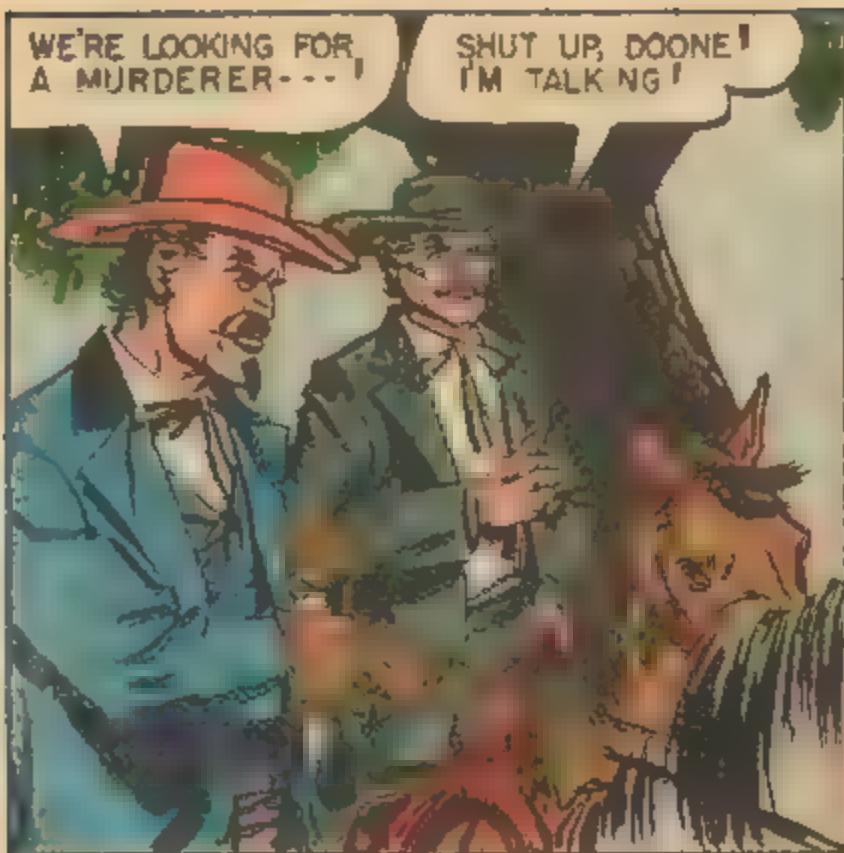


WITH SUPERB HORSEMANSHIP NEVADA BACKS HIS HORSE DOWN THE STREET ANOTHER FIFTY YARDS









NEVADA RODE THAT BLACK HORSE! THERE'S BRIDLE
AND SADDLE MARKS STILL SHOWING SWEATY! AND
HIS PRIZE STALLION, CALIFORNIA
RED, IS GONE!



MOUNT UP, MAJOR! NO HORSE IN ARIZONA
CAN CATCH THAT BIG RED! WE MIGHT
AS WELL GO HOME!



THEY'RE HEADING BACK TO TOWN--
ON THE SHERIFF'S ORDERS, L KELLY!
DOONE AND HIS BUNCH MAY BE
BRANCHING OFF ON THE ROAD
TO KETTLE

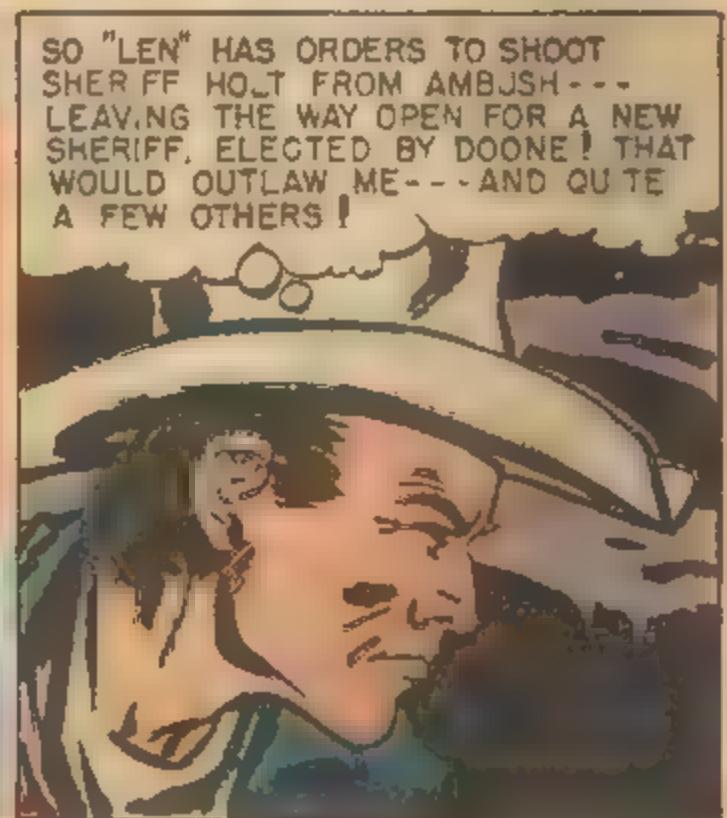
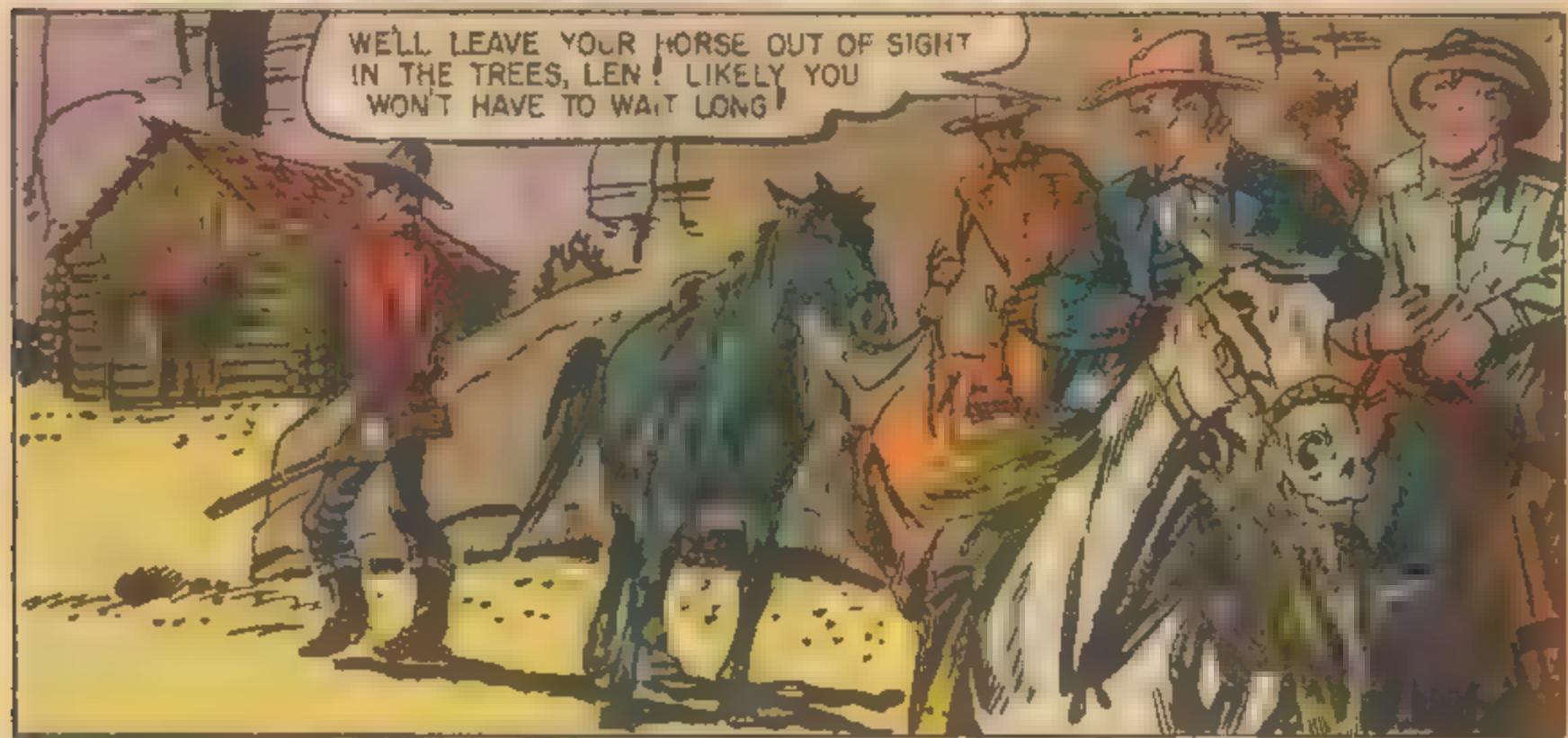
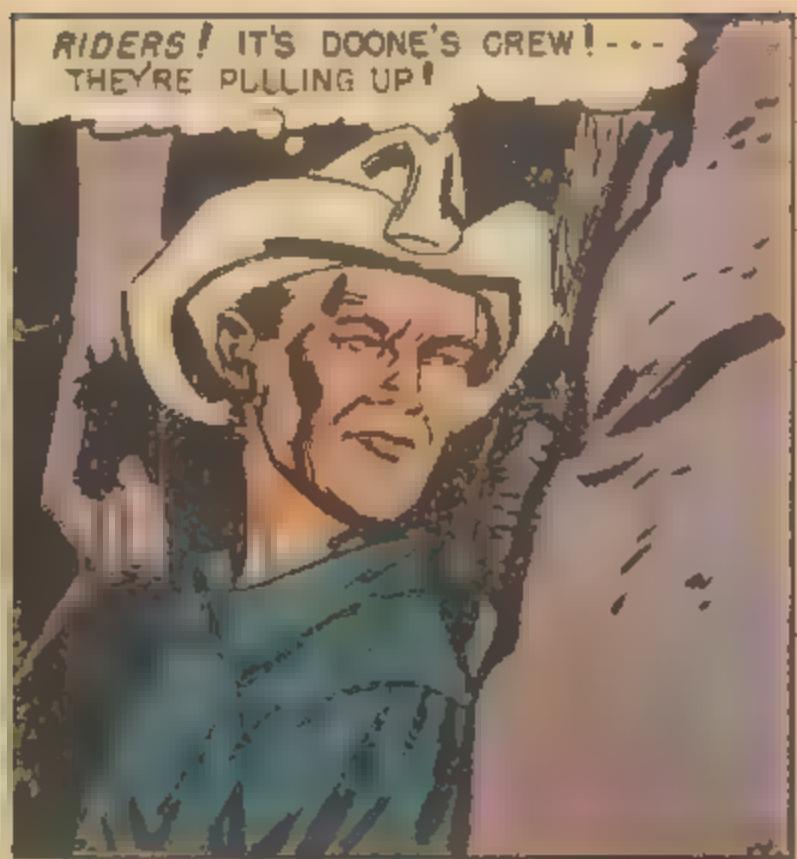


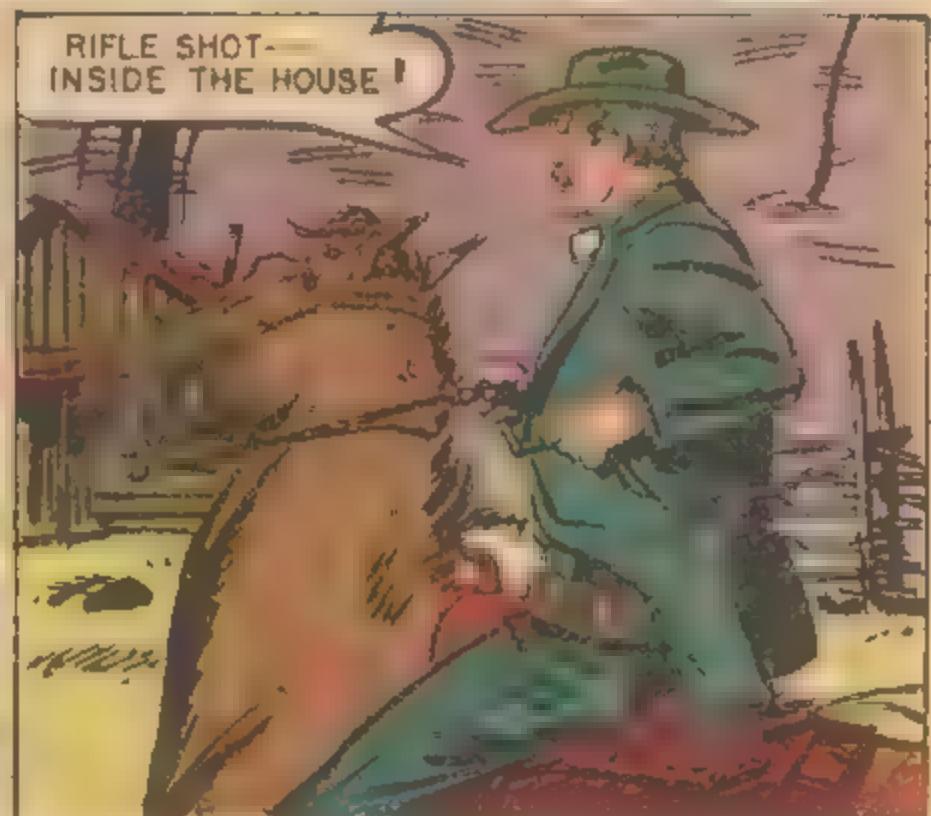
I WANT A QUIET TALK WITH SHERIFF SAM HOLT---ALONE!
AND I KNOW THE PLACE! HE'LL BE OUT AT CHUCK-
WALLA'S SHACK BEFORE LONG, TO
CHECK ON THINGS!

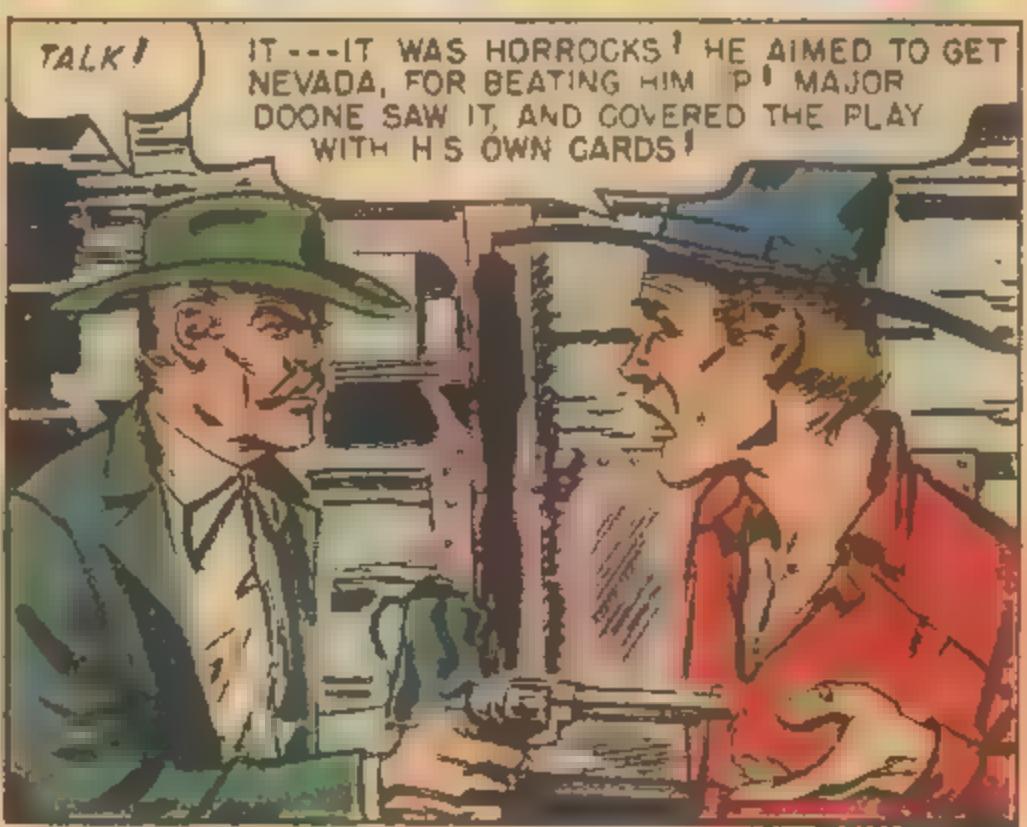
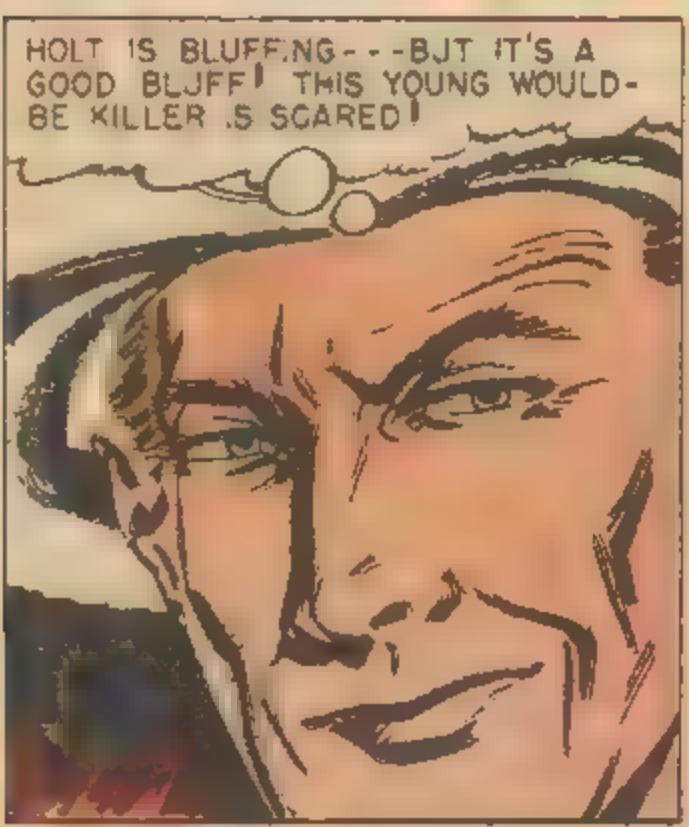


THERE'S THE PLACE!
AND I CAN HIDE RED
IN THAT ROCK CLEFT!









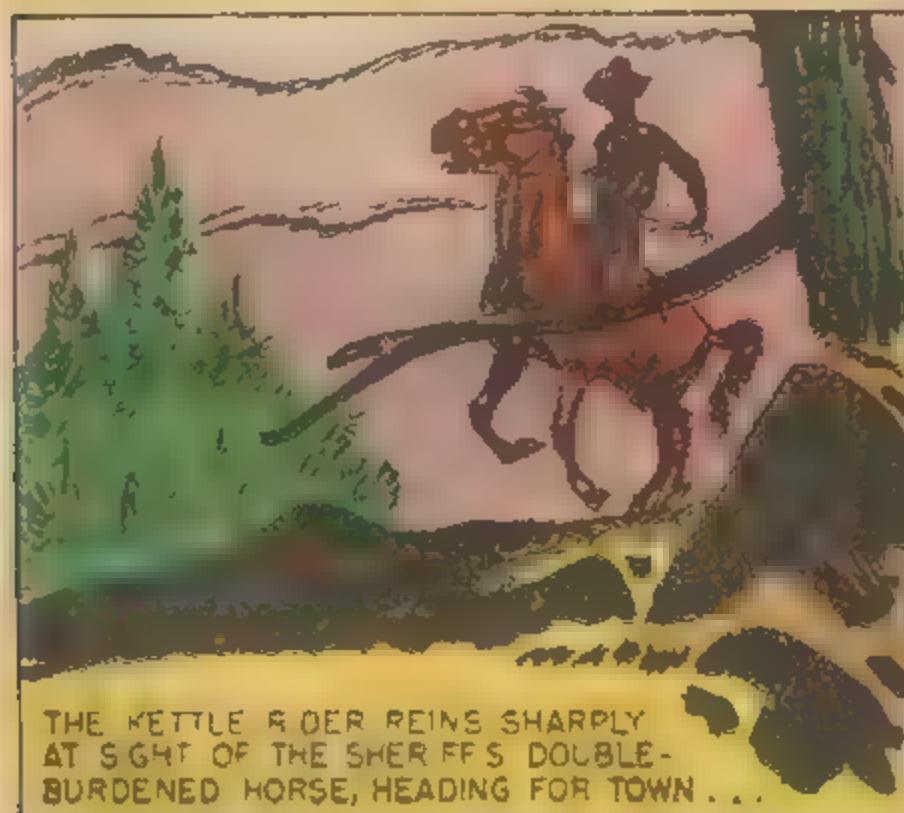
GOOD WORK, SAM! I'LL COVER YOUR START BACK TO TOWN---BUT I HAVE A HUNCH DOONE LEFT SOMEBODY WITHIN HEARING OF THAT RIFLE SHOT! IN WHICH CASE---

IN WHICH CASE WELL BE JUMPED BEFORE I CAN GET HIM TO JAIL, RIDING DOUBLE!

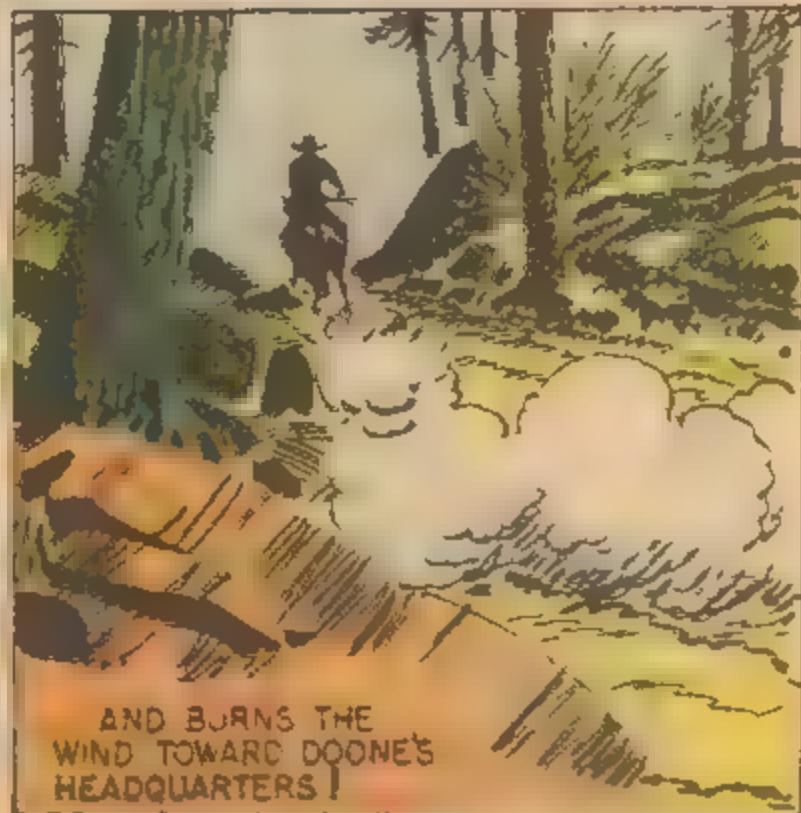
BETTER START NOW, SAM! I'LL BE WATCHING YOU---BUT AT A DISTANCE! WE'LL SEE MORE, THAT WAY!



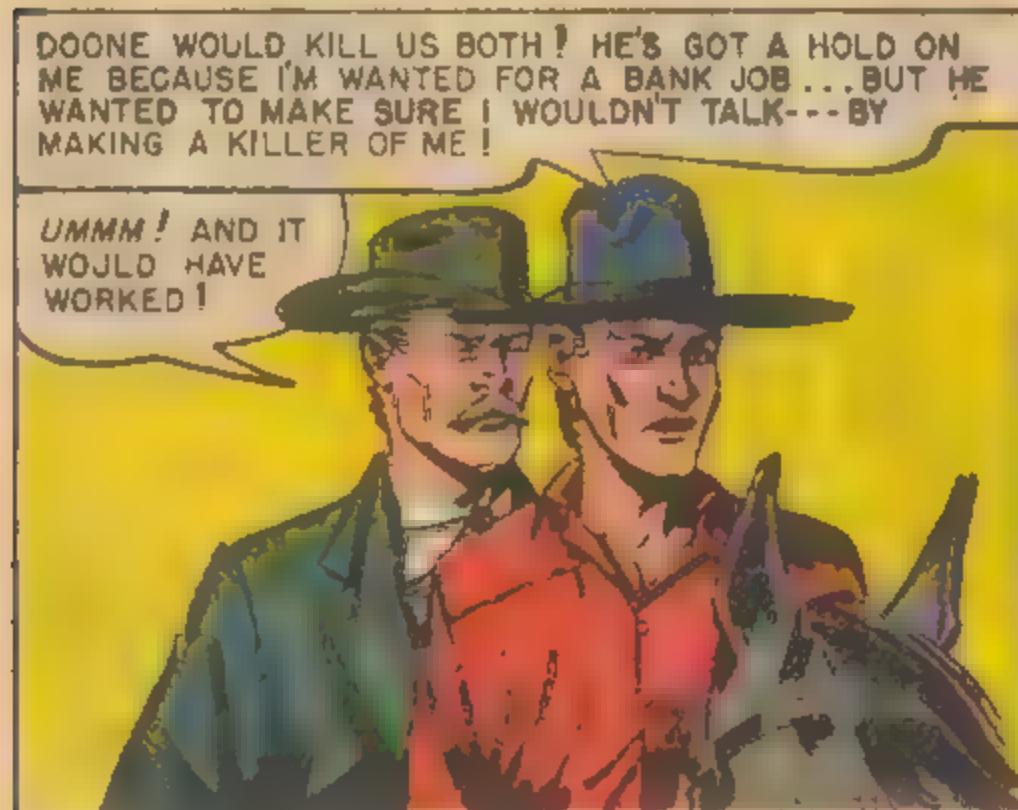
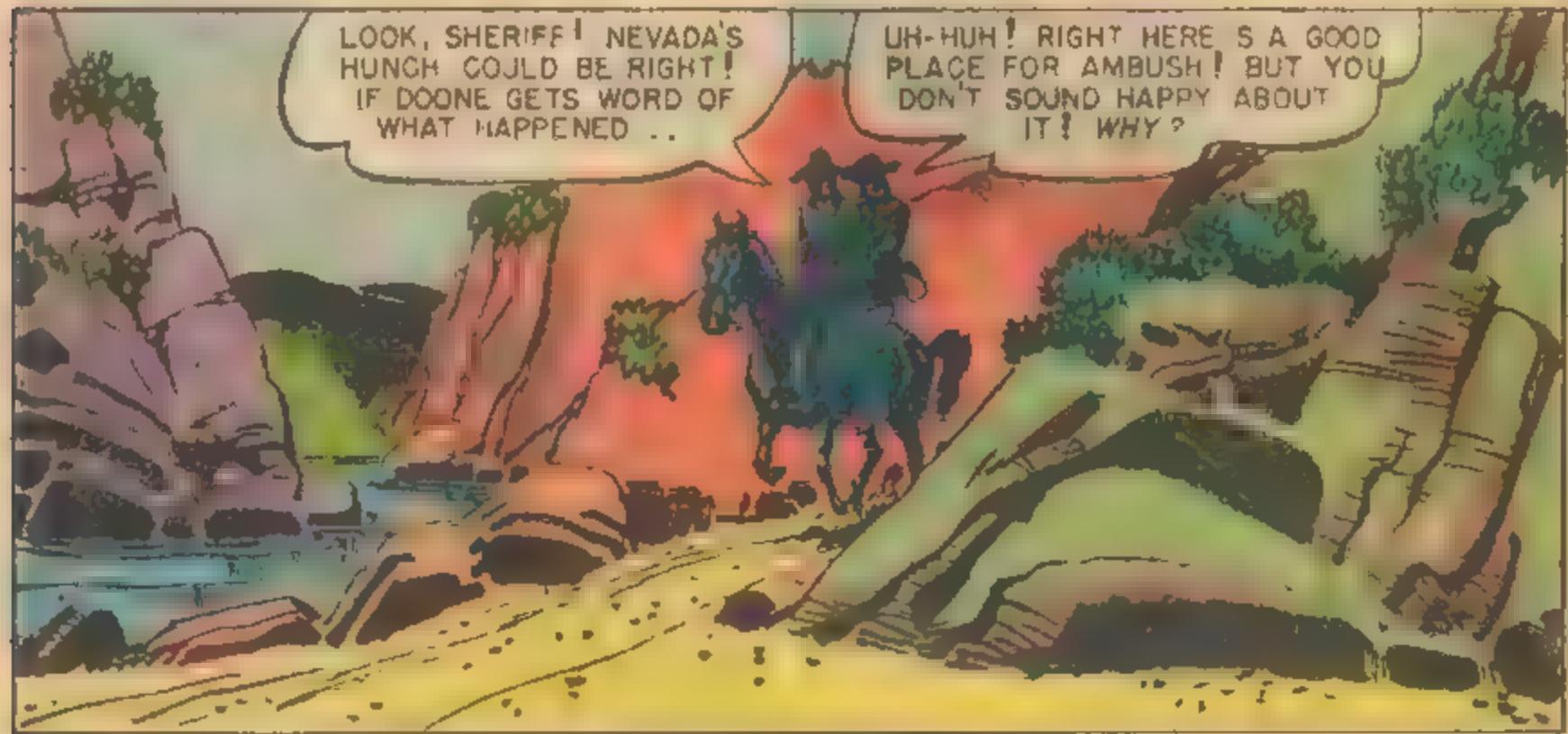
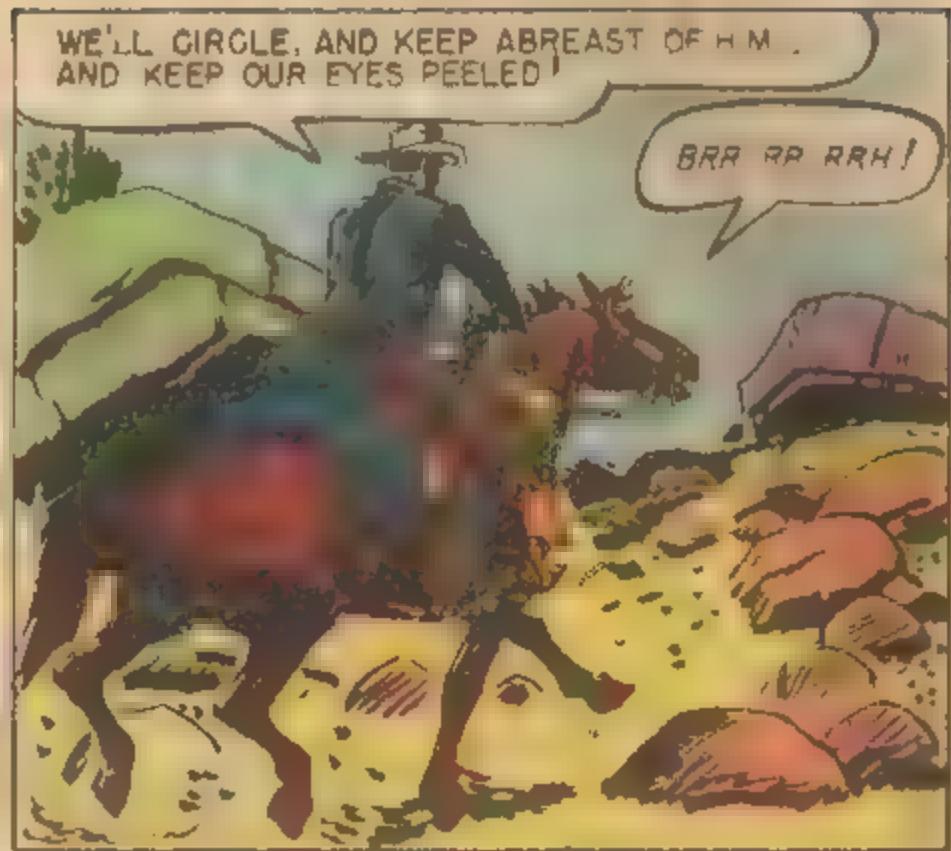
SHERIFF HOLT LOSES NO TIME IN LEAVING WITH HIS PRISONER

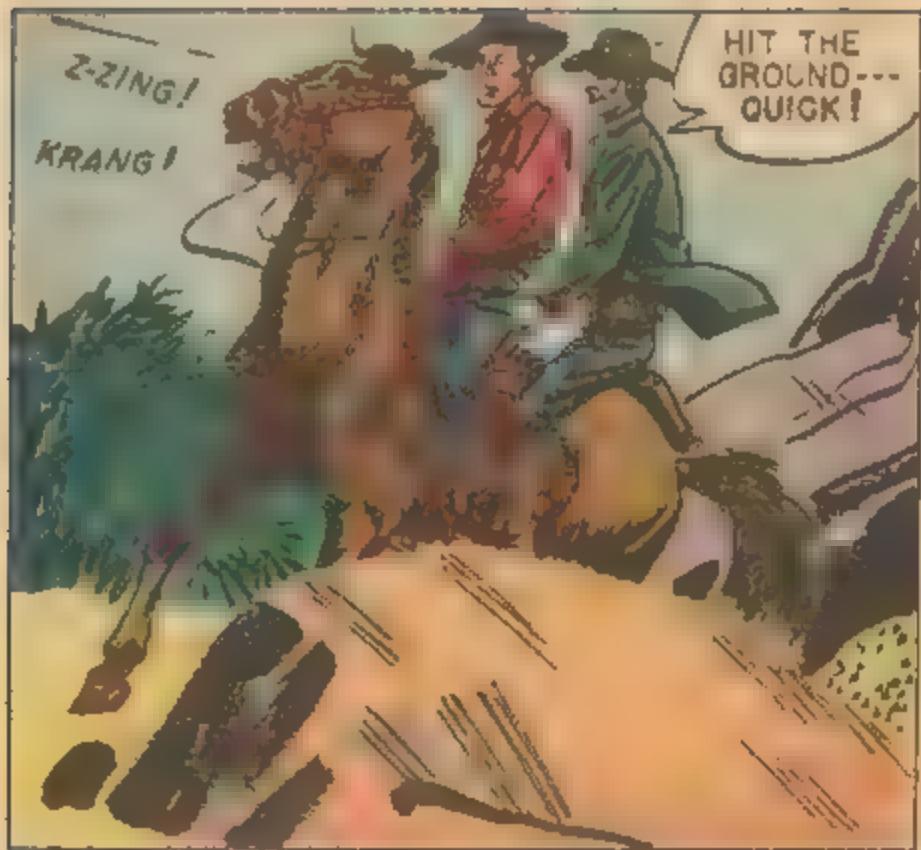


THE KETTLE RIDER REINS SHARPLY AT SIGHT OF THE SHERIFF'S DOUBLE-BURDENED HORSE, HEADING FOR TOWN . . .



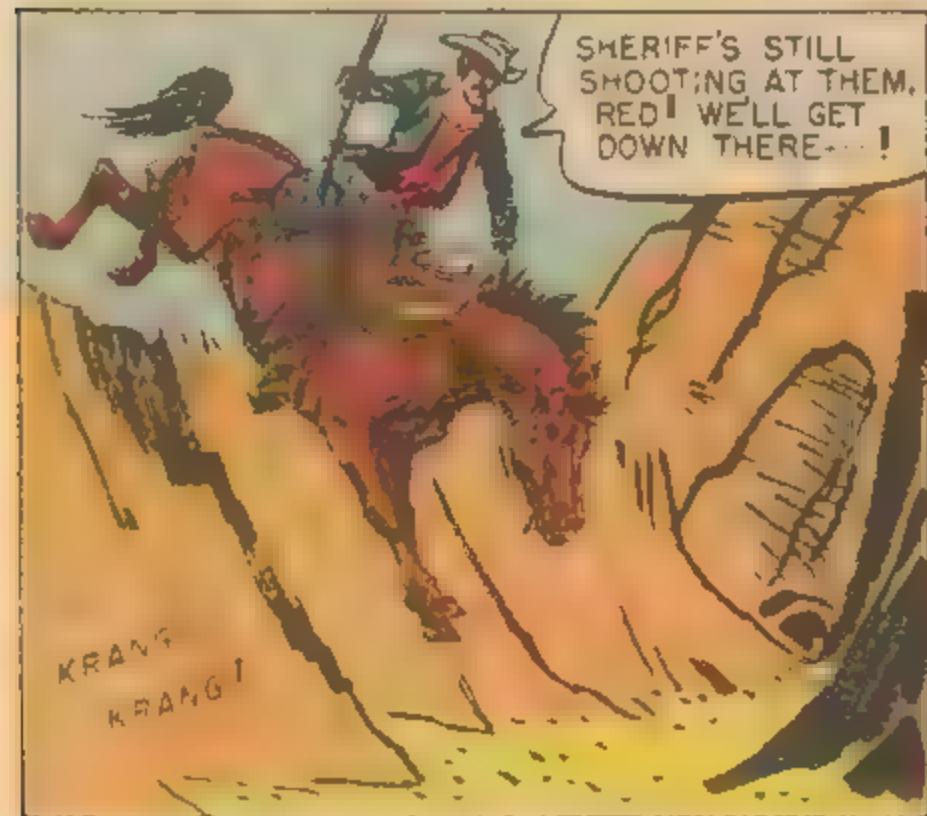
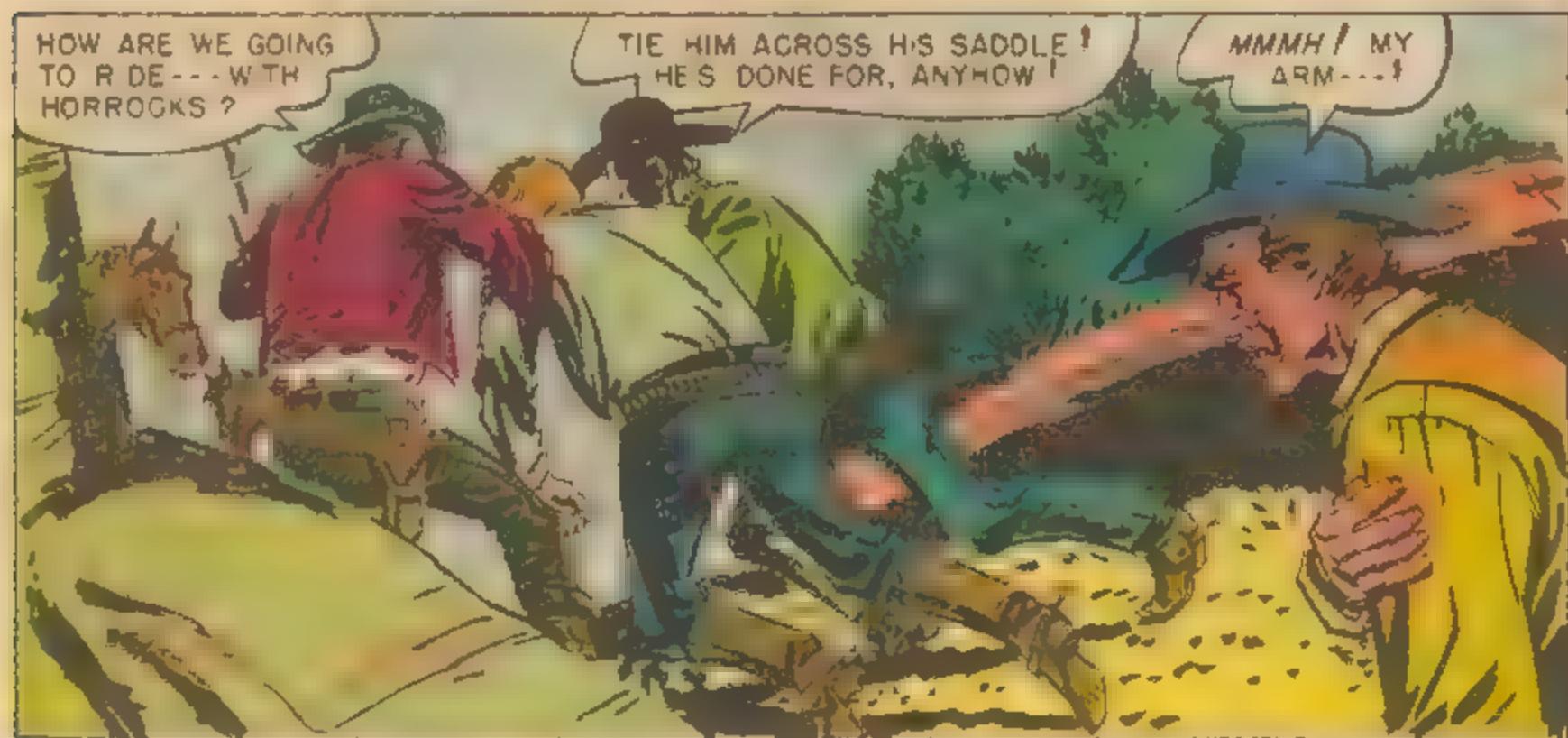
AND BURNS THE WIND TOWARD DOONE'S HEADQUARTERS!

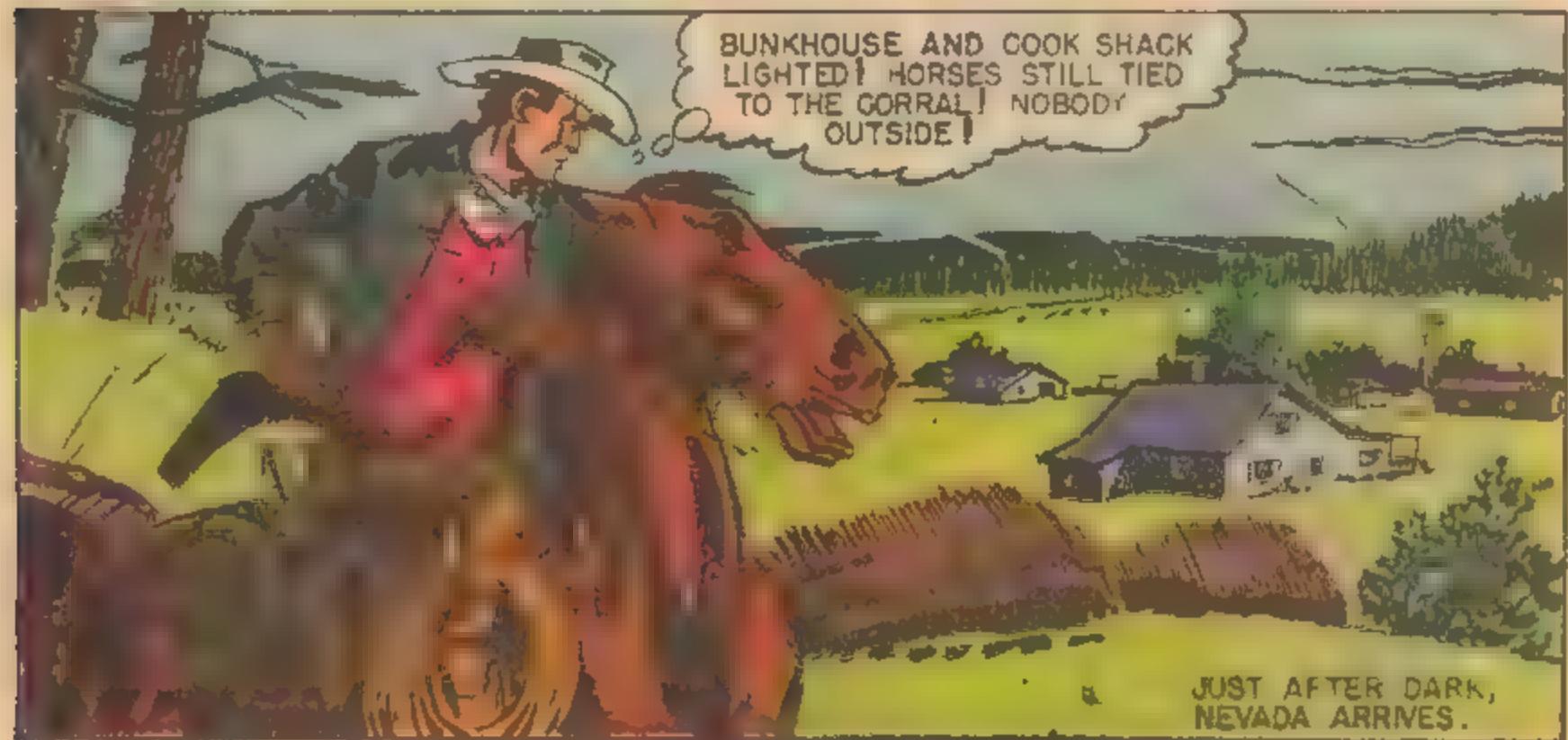
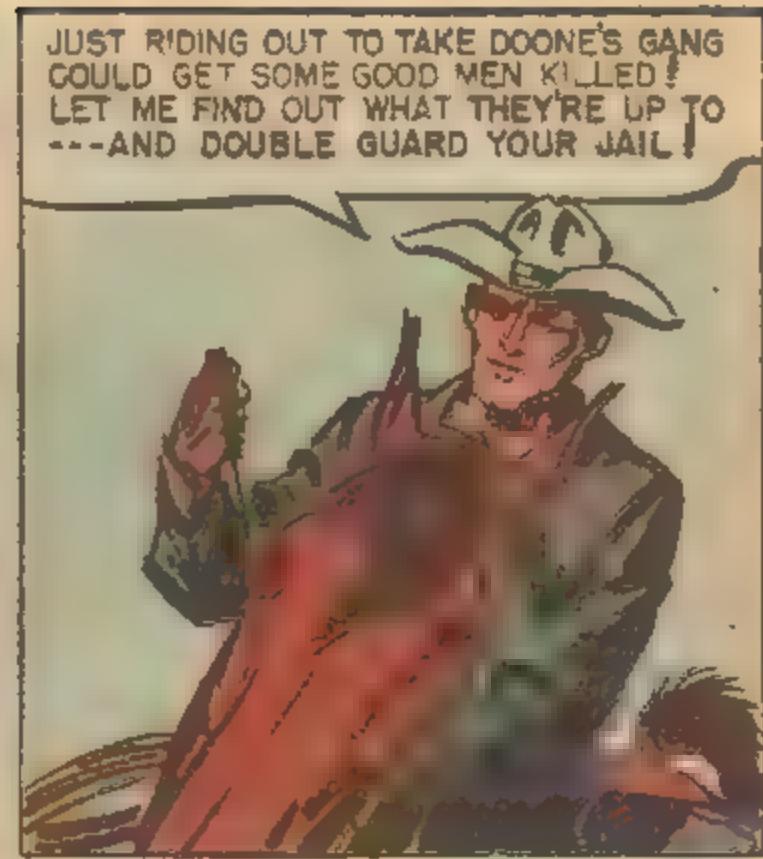
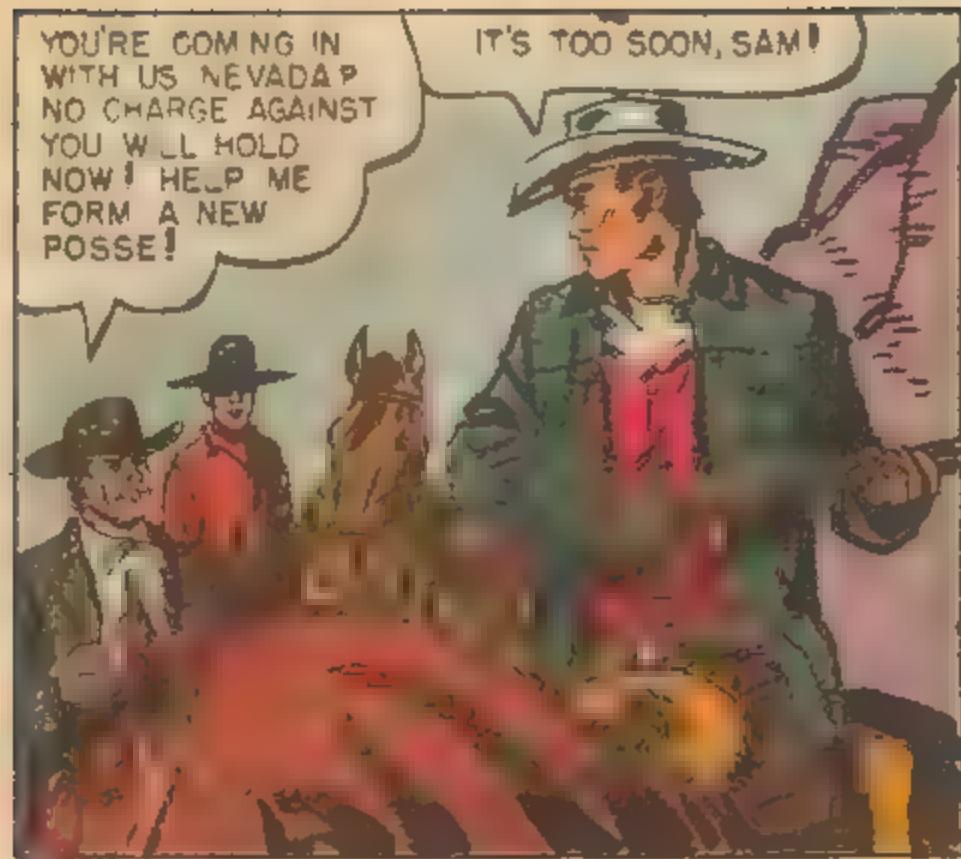






CAUGHT BY THE SHERIFF'S BULLET FROM BELOW - HORROCKS IS LIFTED ALMOST OFF HIS FEET!





I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE, RED! AND MIND YOU, NO CALLING!

UH
HUH-HUH!

DOONE'S INSIDE--
ARGUING!

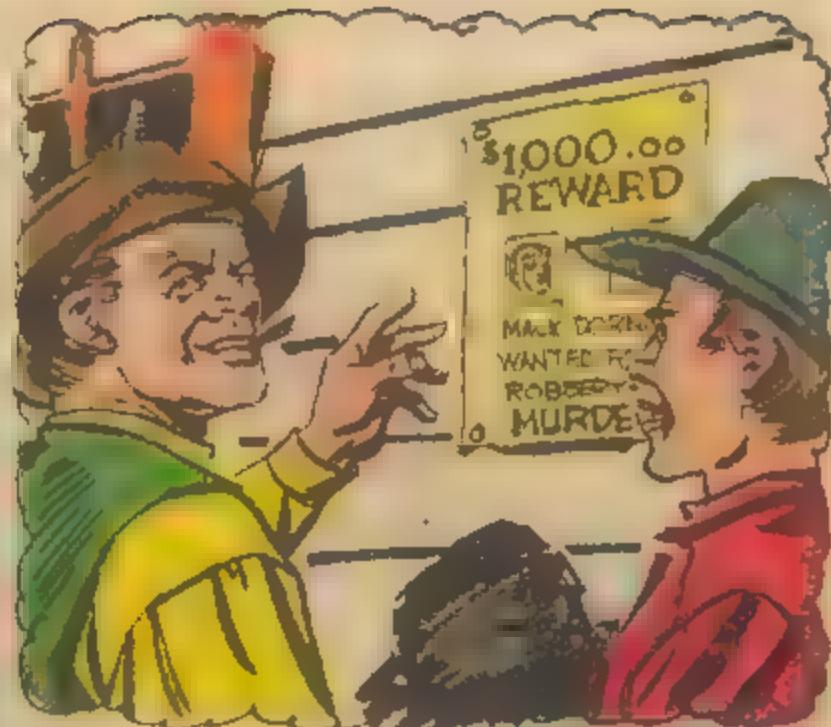
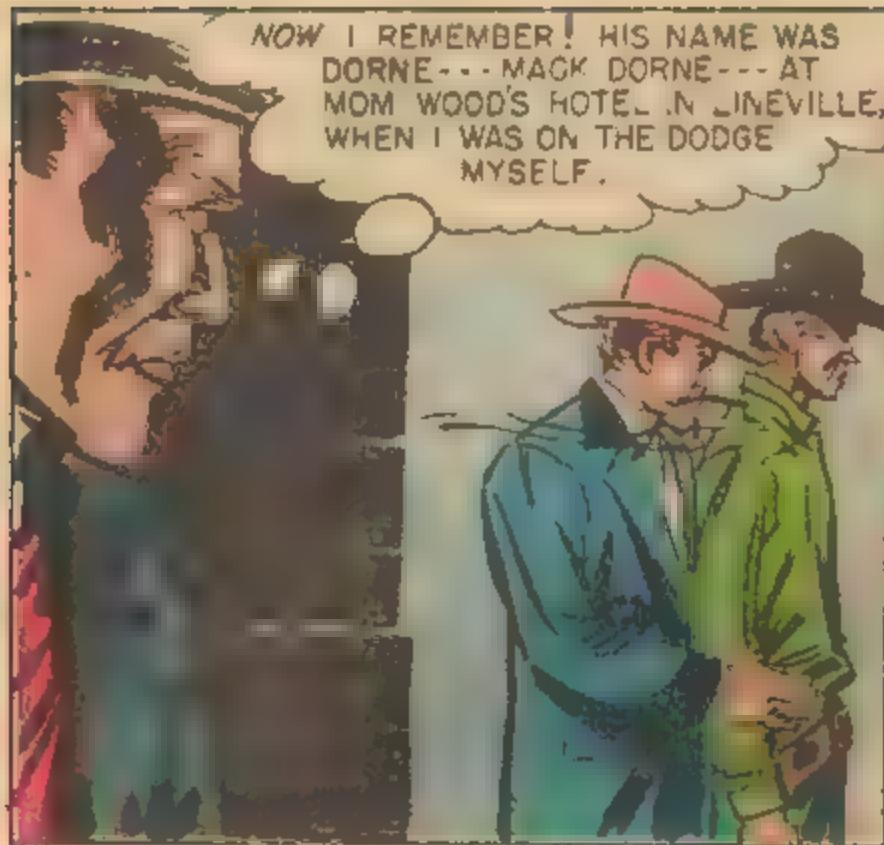
WELL SHUT GUSSET'S MOUTH---AND THE SHERIFF'S TONIGHT---AND BLAME THE SHOOTING ON THIS NEVADA---!

THEN THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO STOP US FROM TAKING OVER THE COUNTY---AND RUNNING IT TO SUIT US! THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, BOYS! WE CAN TAKE THE POT---OR RUN AND LOSE EVERYTHING!

WHO WANTS TO RUN? SPEAK UP!

NOBODY'S RUNNING, BOSS! WHEN DO WE RIDE--- FOR TOWN?

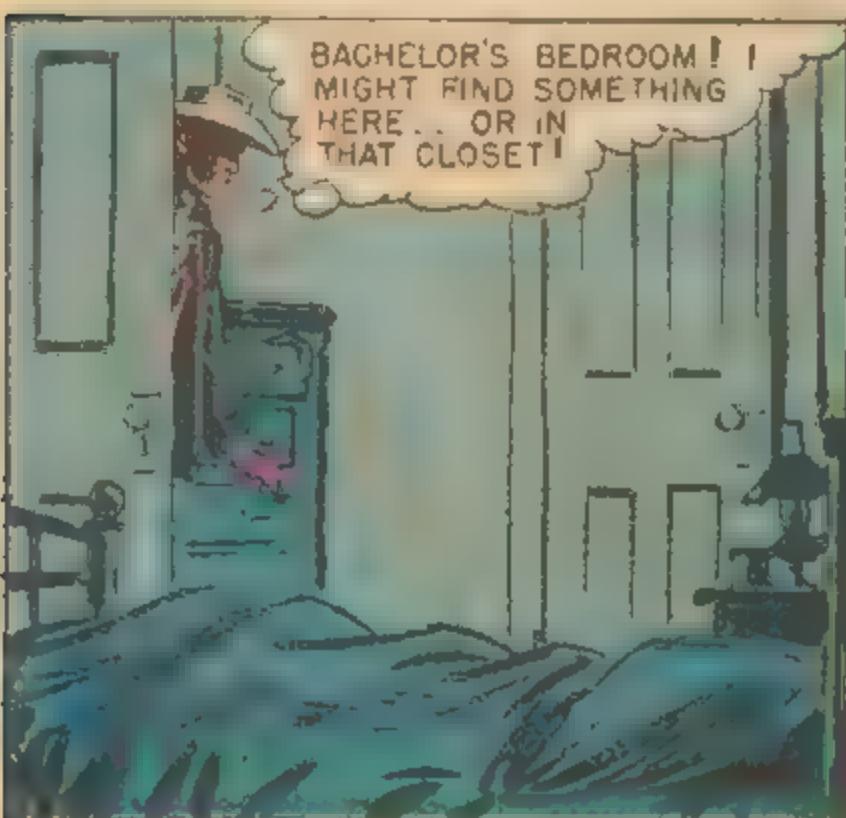
WE RIDE TWO HOURS BEFORE DAYLIGHT! NOW---LET'S EAT, AND TURN IN!

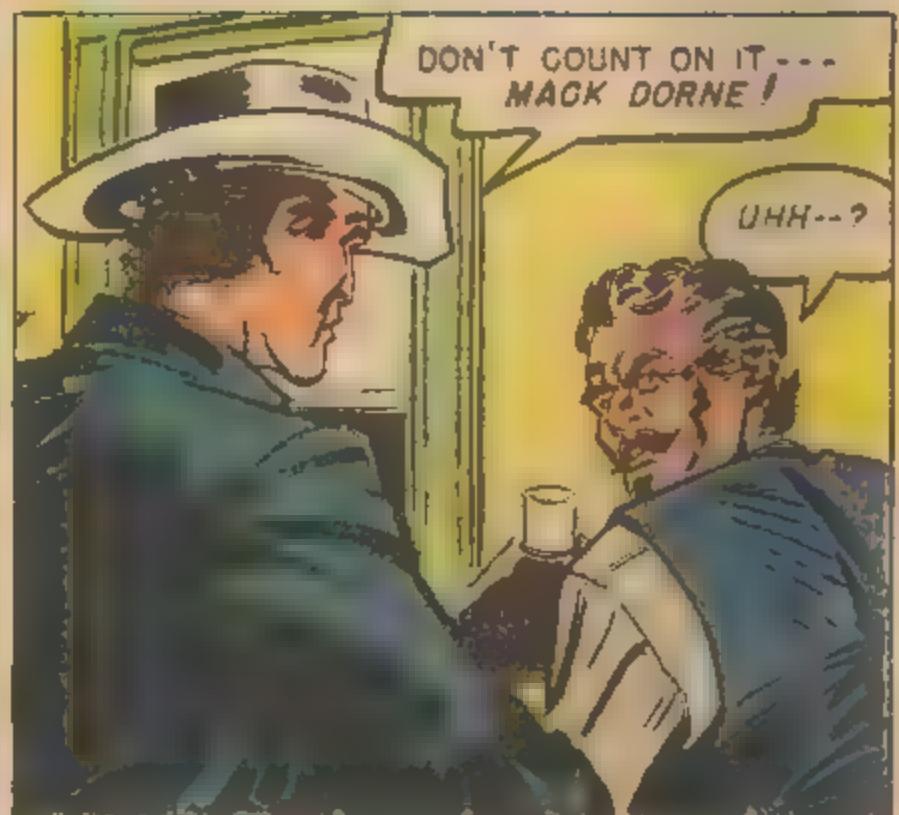
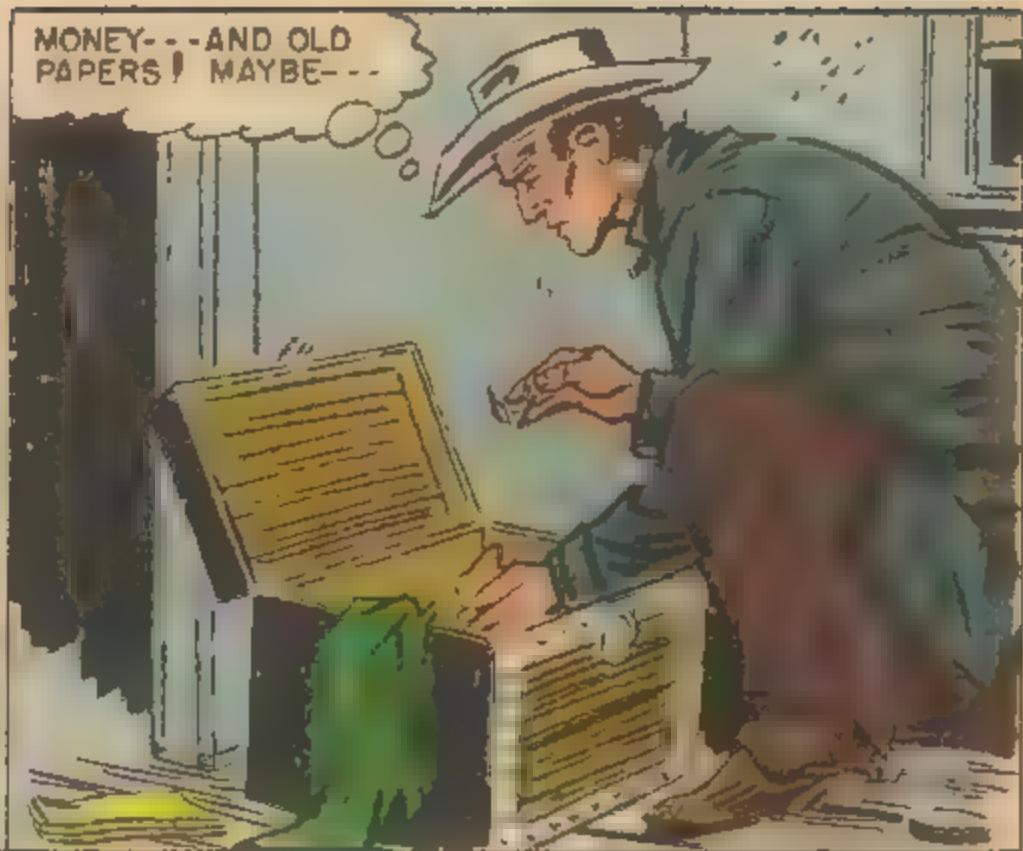


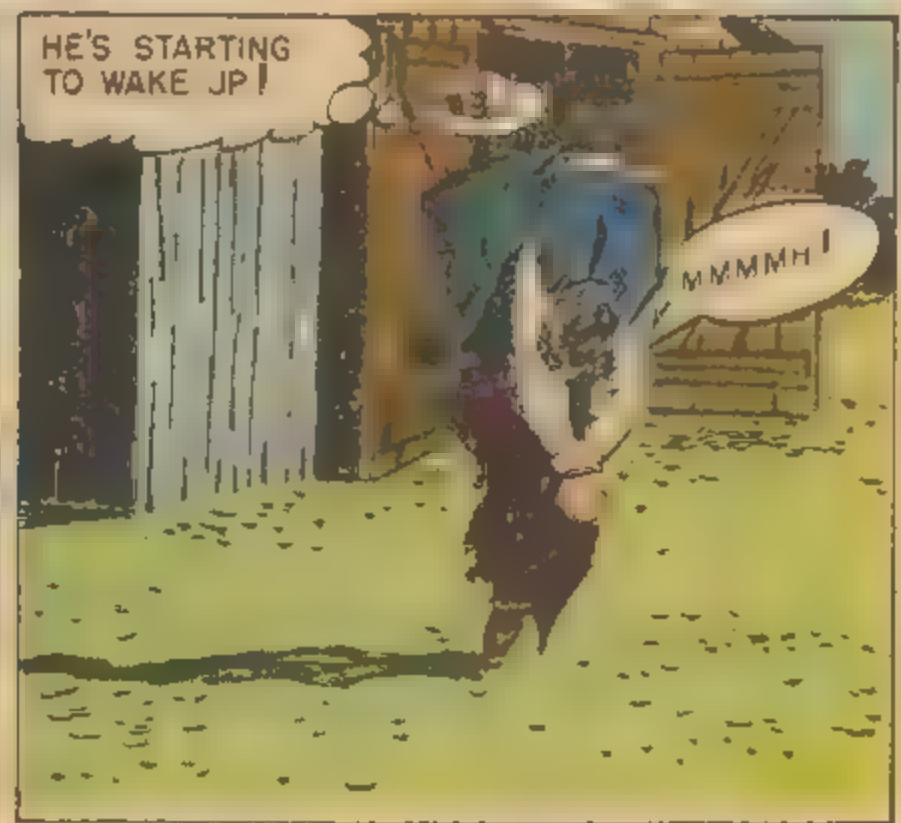
... HE WAS LAUGHING AT HIS OWN PICTURE ON A REWARD NOTICE!"

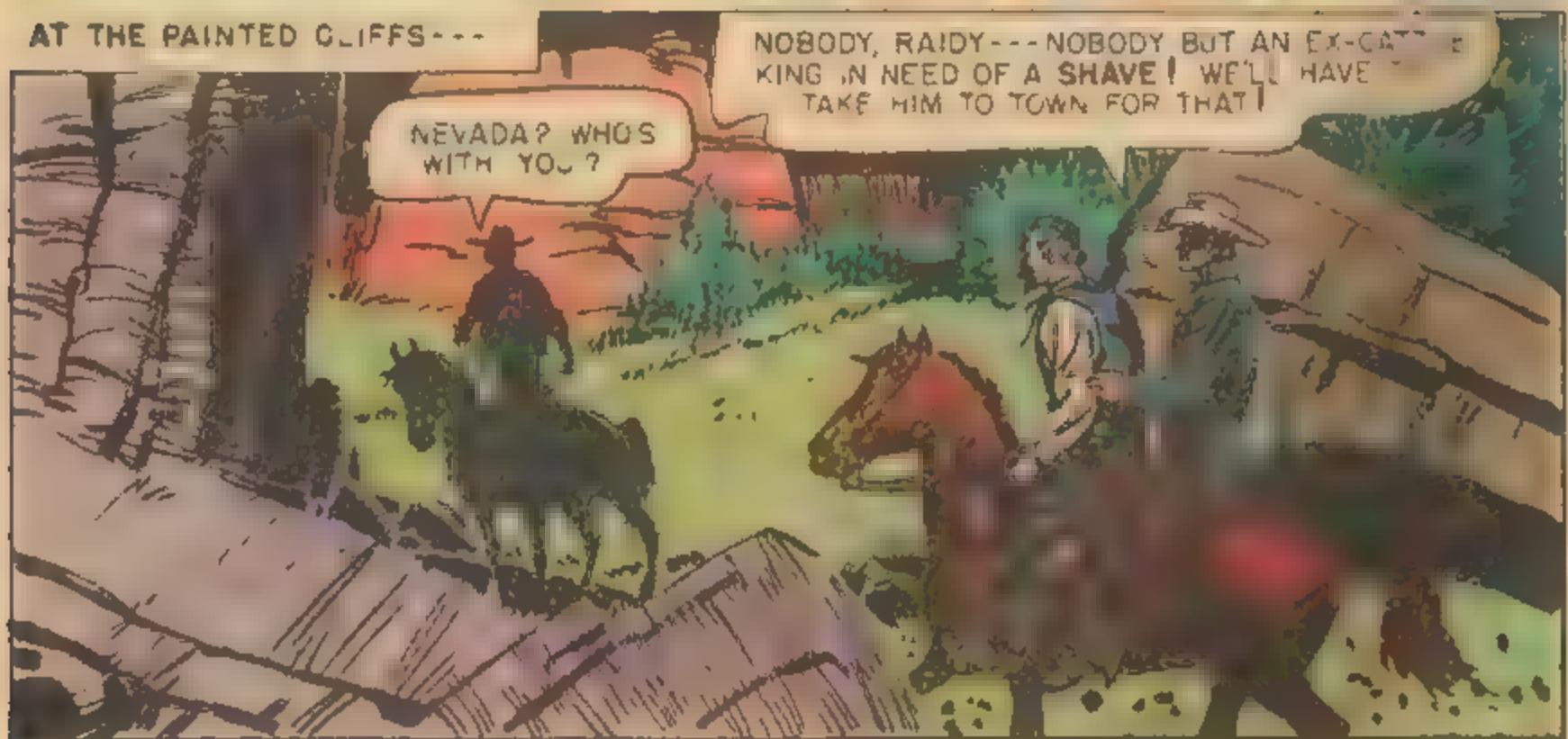
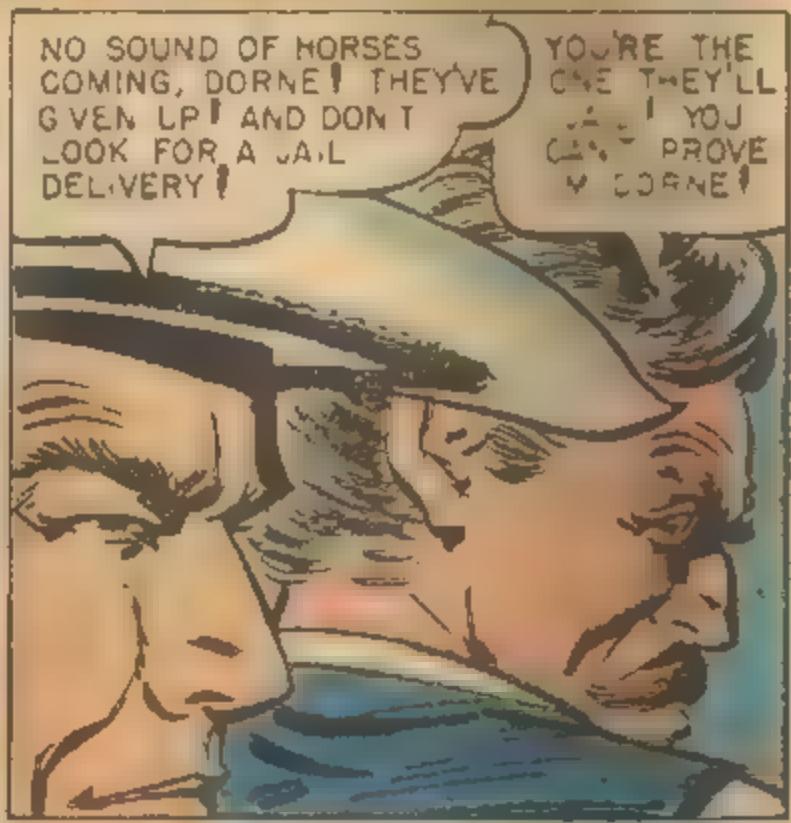
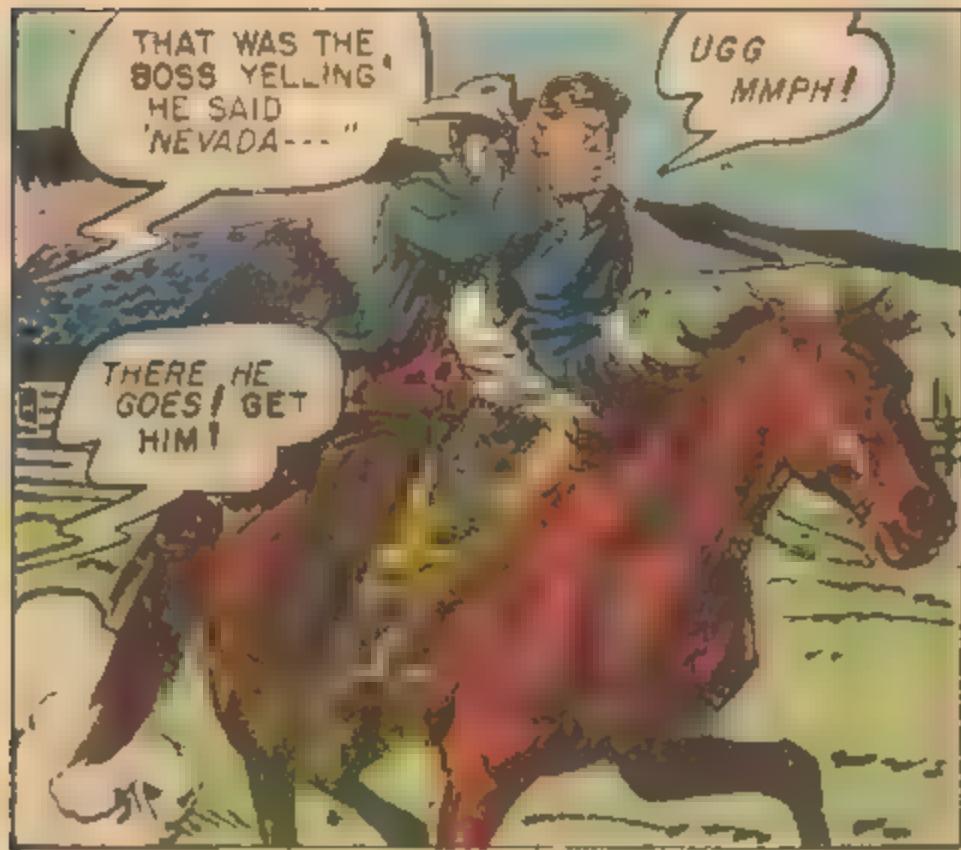


"HE RIPPED IT OFF, FOLDED IT UP, AND PUT IT IN HIS POCKET!"









LATER---AT THE JAIL---

HOLT, IF YOU LET THIS OUTLAW
TOUCH MY BEARD I'LL HAVE YOU
RUN OUT OF THE TERRITORY!
I'VE GOT FRIENDS IN
GOVERNMENT---

I'LL RISK IT,
DOONE---
GO AHEAD,
NEVADA!

REMEMBER THAT REWARD NOTICE YOU
TORE DOWN---AT MOM WOOD'S HOTEL
IN LINEVILLE, DORNE? THAT WAS
BAD JUDGEMENT!

AND IT WAS WORSE JUDGEMENT
TO KEEP IT!

HUM? WHAT
DO YOU---?

I FOUND IT IN HIS HOUSE,
SAM! CALIFORNIA WILL
PAY ONE THOUSAND
DOLLARS REWARD FOR---

MACK DORNE!
HE'S MACK
DORNE! THERE'S
NO MISTAKE,
NEVADA!

THAT
THOUSAND
DOLLAR
REWARD
IS YOURS,
NEVADA!

NOT MINE---IT'S CHUCK-
WALLAS! YOU COLLECT
IT, SAM---AND WE'LL GIVE
OLD CHUCKWALLA HARRIS
THE GRANDEST FUNERAL
THIS TOWN HAS EVER SEEN!

MIZ HETTY IS
GOING TO BE
MIGHTY HAPPY
WHEN WE RIDE
IN, NEVADA!
IF DORNE'S
BUNCH HAD
GUNNED YOU---

DORNE'S BUNCH ARE HEADED
FOR THE BORDER, RA DY!
AND I RECKON THE BULLET
ISN'T MADE YET THAT WILL
KEEP ME FROM RIDING HOME!

The Old Sheriff



The quiet streets of Three Forks were suddenly shattered by the pounding hoofs of a horse and rider that galloped into town and pulled up short in front of the Oasis saloon. The grimy rider was caked with the desert's sand while his horse heaved breathlessly in front of the hitching post. No doubt he had ridden far and fast to get to the little town. With hardly a nod at the hangers-on in front of the saloon, he dismounted, and almost at a run entered the saloon pushing the bat wings with an impatient gesture.

"It's Johnny Keto," said one of the lounging men in front of the saloon. "Never knew him to punish his horse like that. Something must be up."

Almost as a group, the sprawling men in front of the saloon followed Johnny Keto inside. Johnny was frantically staring around the saloon as if looking for someone. He turned to the bartender.

"Where's Sheriff Cole?" he snapped.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" inquired one of the men.

Johnny took a deep breath before answering. "Pony Carter just killed a man over in New Creek and he's heading this way. Should be here in a couple of hours."

There was a long silence. They all knew

that Pony Carter, the gunslinger, always left death in his wake. Then the silence was suddenly broken by the excited chatter of the men who heard the news.

"Let him come," yelled the bartender defiantly. "This town has been right peaceful for a long spell—and if Pony Carter is looking for trouble, Sheriff Cole will give him all he's looking for."

The other men nodded in satisfaction. They all knew that very few gunslingers could stand up to their famous sheriff. Sheriff Cole's reputation had caused more than one gunslinger to make a detour of their town. The speed of the sheriff's draw was hard to match.

Even as the men gloated in their sheriff's reputation, the bat wings were pushed back and the sheriff strode in with a quizzical look on his grizzled face.

"Did I hear my name mentioned?" asked the sheriff good naturedly.

In a matter of seconds, he was surrounded by the men who quickly told him of Pony Carter's imminent arrival. But the mention of Pony Carter caused the sheriff to stiffen as if he had been struck a blow.

"He's looking for a showdown, Sheriff—and you're the man to send him up to Boot Hill along with those other gunslingers that came into this town with ideas."

The sheriff dropped his head and slowly turned toward the door. He stopped at the entrance and removed his sheriff's badge which he had worn so long with pride. Tossing it on the table, he looked grimly at the men.

"You'll have to get someone else to stop Pony Carter, boys. I'm turning in my star. It's been a good town and I sure hate leaving it."

With that, he walked out of the saloon, mounted his horse and rode off. The dumbfounded men just stared at the badge gleaming on the table. The man they all had looked up to was running away in fear.

"Guess Sheriff Cole is getting old," the bartender lamely whispered as an excuse.

But as the sheriff rode out of town, he shook his head in despair.

"I just can't kill my own son," he said to himself, "even if he is Pony Carter."

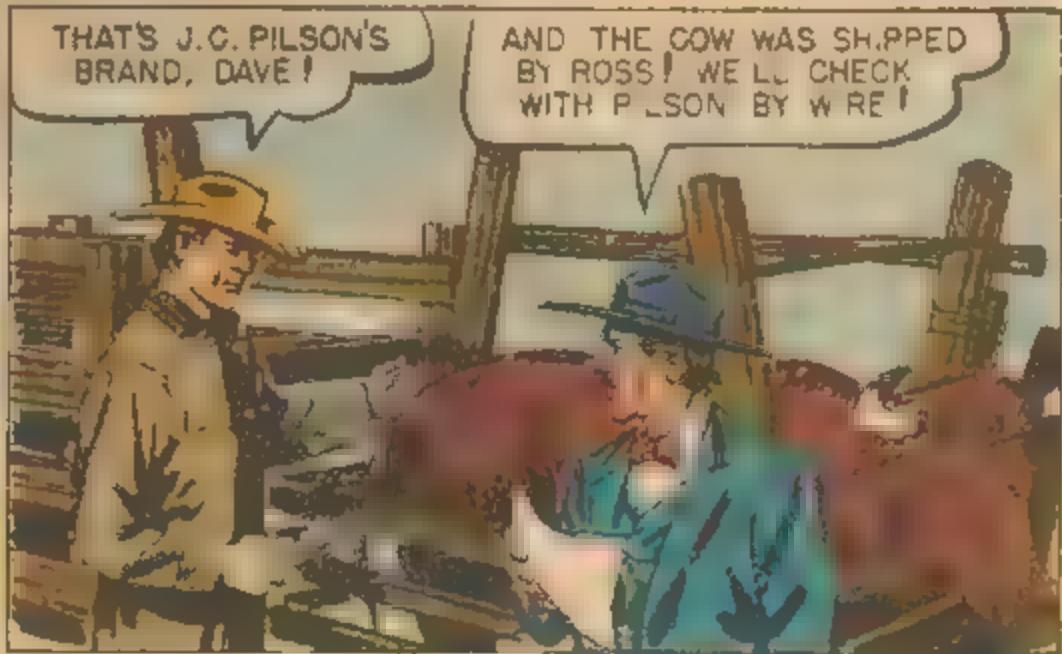
TRUE WESTERN ADVENTURES



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE TEXAS AND SOUTHWESTERN CATTLE RAISERS ASSOCIATION, RUSTLERS WERE STILL GETTING AWAY WITH BEEF WORTH A SIZEABLE FORTUNE AND THERE WAS NO TELLING WHERE THEY'D STRIKE!



IN CASE OF INTERFERENCE THEY WERE READY TO ANSWER WITH HOT LEAD---AND LEAVE THE REMAINS FOR THE COYOTES!



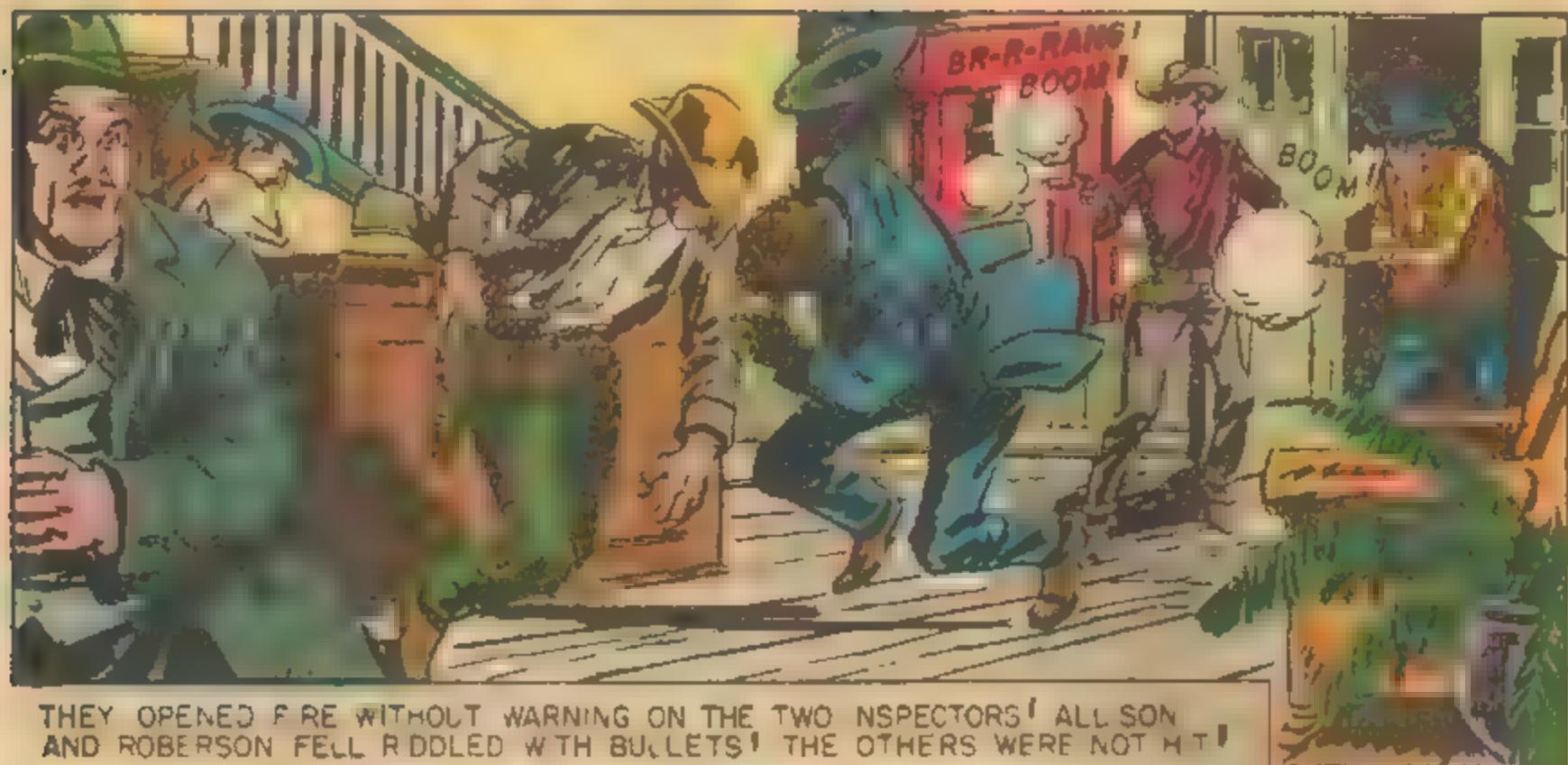
BUT THE INSPECTORS CHECKED ON ALL BRANDS SHIPPED TO THE STOCKYARDS BY THIS AND OTHER MEANS THEY GOT EVIDENCE AGAINST MANY A RUSTLER



ONE EVENING IN SEMINOLE, TEXAS, FOUR MEN STOOD TALKING IN A HOTEL LOBBY: THE SHERIFF, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, AND INSPECTORS DAVE ALLISON AND H. L. ROBERTSON. THE INSPECTORS HAD EVIDENCE WHICH COULD CONVICT THE TWO BIG-TIME CATTLE THIEVES



THE TWO SUSPECTS WERE IN TOWN, TOO! IN A QUIET MOMENT THEY ENTERED THE LOBBY



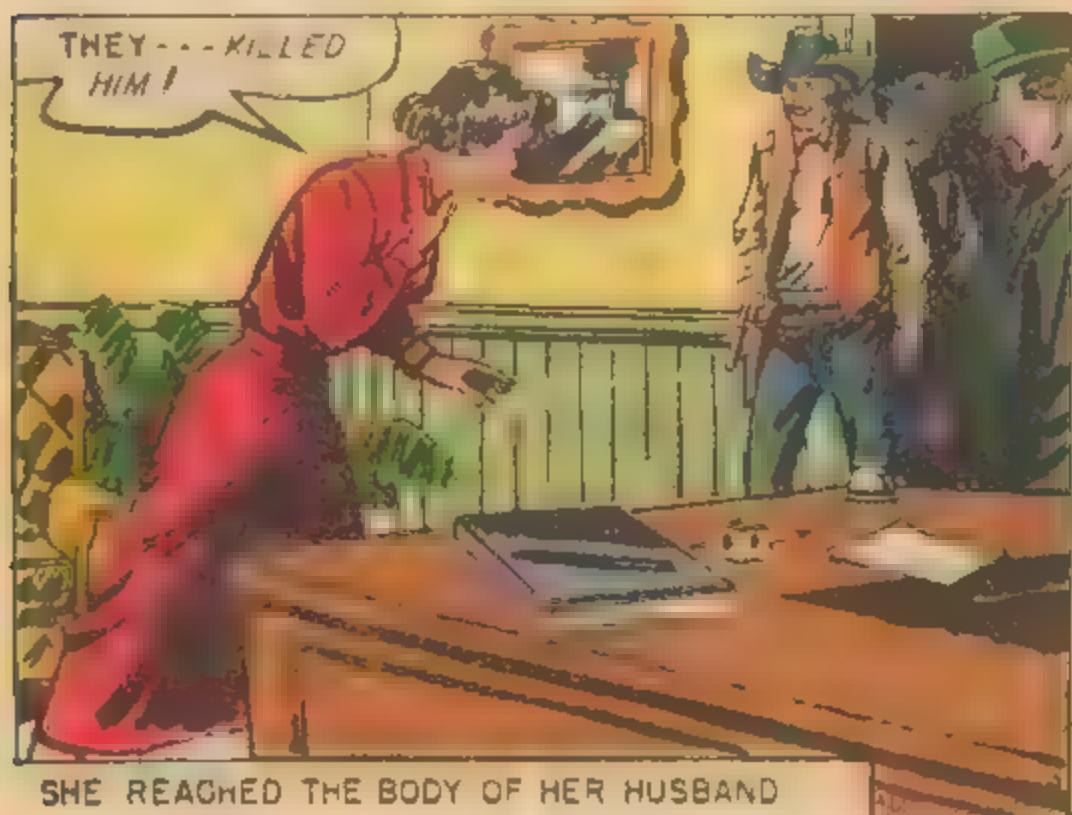
THEY OPENED FIRE WITHOUT WARNING ON THE TWO INSPECTORS! ALL SON AND ROBERSON FELL RADDLED WITH BULLETS! THE OTHERS WERE NOT HIT!



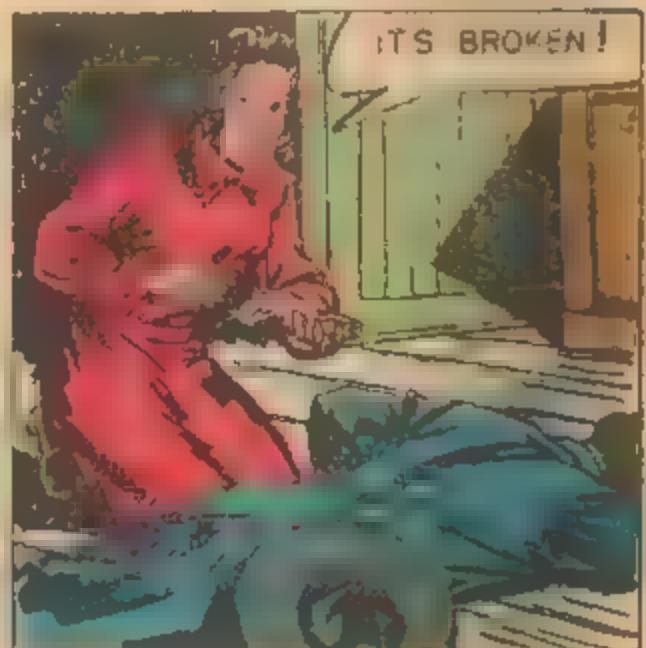
GOOL AND RISS BACKED OUT OF THE HOTEL, SATISFIED THAT NOW THERE WOULD BE NO ONE TO TESTIFY ABOUT THEIR THEFTS. NO ONE STOPPED THEM!



BUT THE MURDERERS HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE WIFE OF ONE OF THE SLAIN INSPECTORS! FEARING WHAT THE GUNFIRE MIGHT MEAN, MRS ROBERSON RAN DOWNSTAIRS FROM HER ROOM TO THE LOBBY



SHE REACHED THE BODY OF HER HUSBAND



AND PULLED OUT A HEAVY CALIBER AUTOMATIC! BUT THE HANDLE WAS SMASHED--- USELESS!



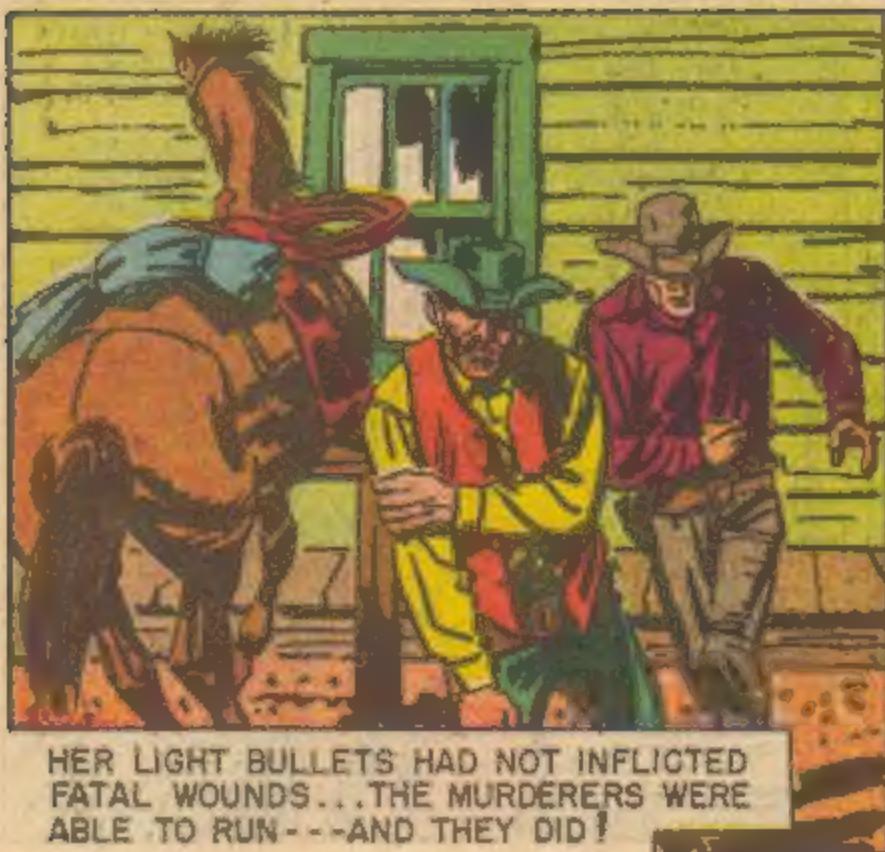
SHE REMEMBERED THE SMALL PISTOL WHICH HER HUSBAND USUALLY CARRIED TUCKED UNDER HIS BELT--- AND ROSE WITH IT IN HER HAND!



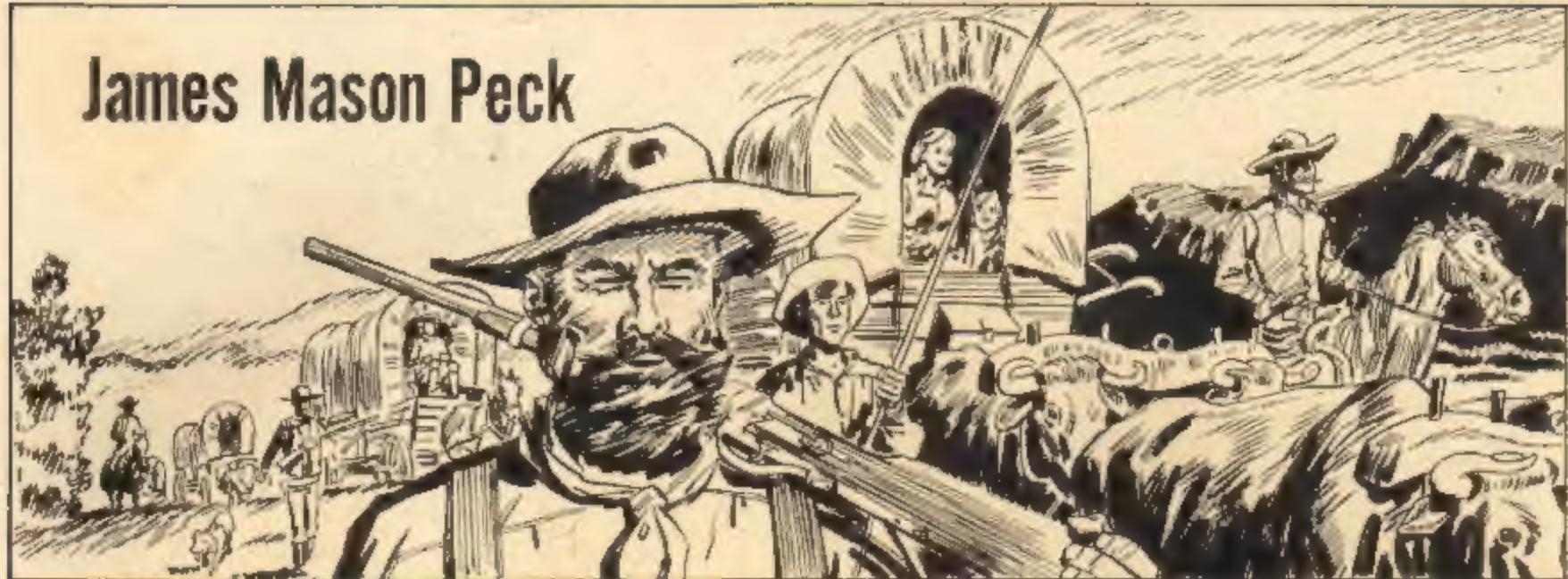
SOMEHOW SHE GUESSED RIGHT---AND SPOTTED THEM HURRYING ALONG ANOTHER STREET.



AS THEY PAUSED AND TURNED, SHE STARTED SHOOTING---AND SCORED ON BOTH THE KILLERS!



James Mason Peck



JAMES MASON PECK WAS A NAME WELL KNOWN TO ALL WHO SETTLED THE WEST. HARDLY A COVERED WAGON TRAIN LEFT THE EAST WITHOUT ONE OF HIS GUIDEBOOKS. A PREACHER, HE LATER FOUNDED SHURTLEFF COLLEGE IN ILLINOIS.



THESE POCKET-SIZED BOOKS INCLUDED MAPS, DESCRIPTIONS OF WAGON ROADS, AND GOOD CAMPSITES ALONG THE WAY.



THEY GAVE ADVICE ON WHERE TO BUY PROVISIONS AND GET LODGINGS.



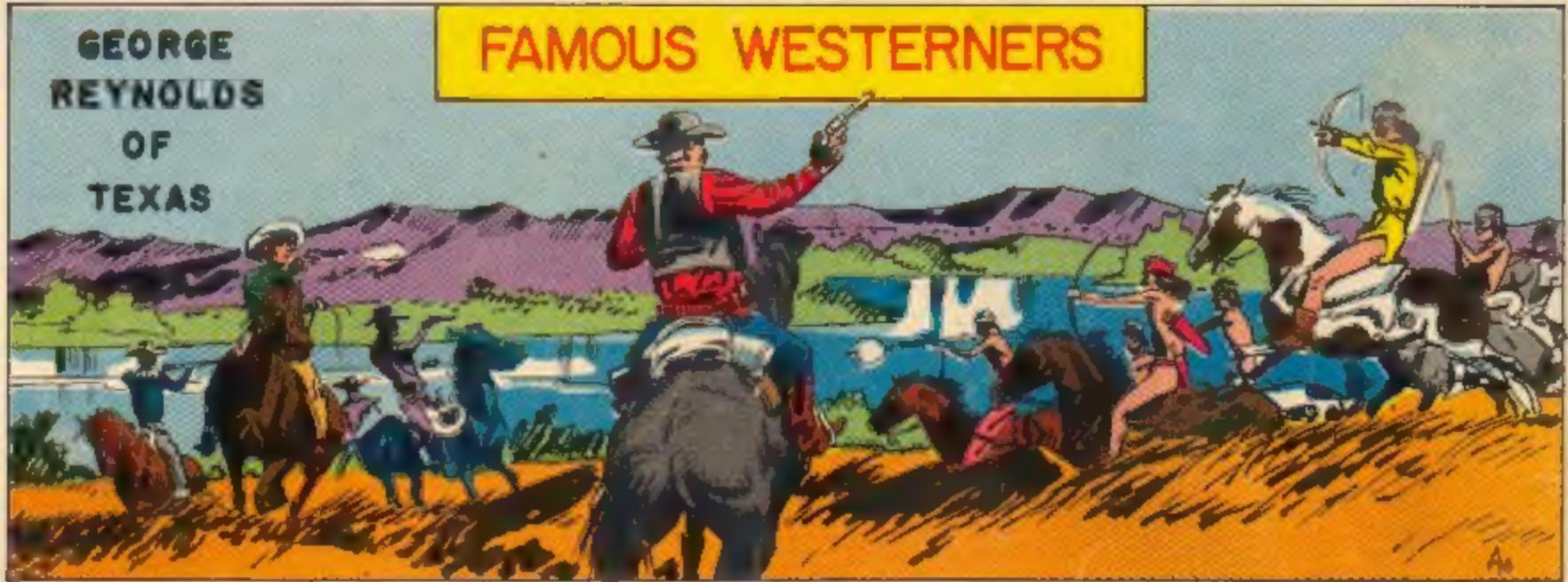
SETTLERS WERE TOLD ABOUT THE SOIL AND WATER IN DIFFERENT AREAS.



AND AT THE END OF THEIR TREK, MANY EASTERNERS WERE GRATEFUL TO PECK FOR HIS TIPS ON FARMING AND LOG CABIN BUILDING.

GEORGE
REYNOLDS
OF
TEXAS

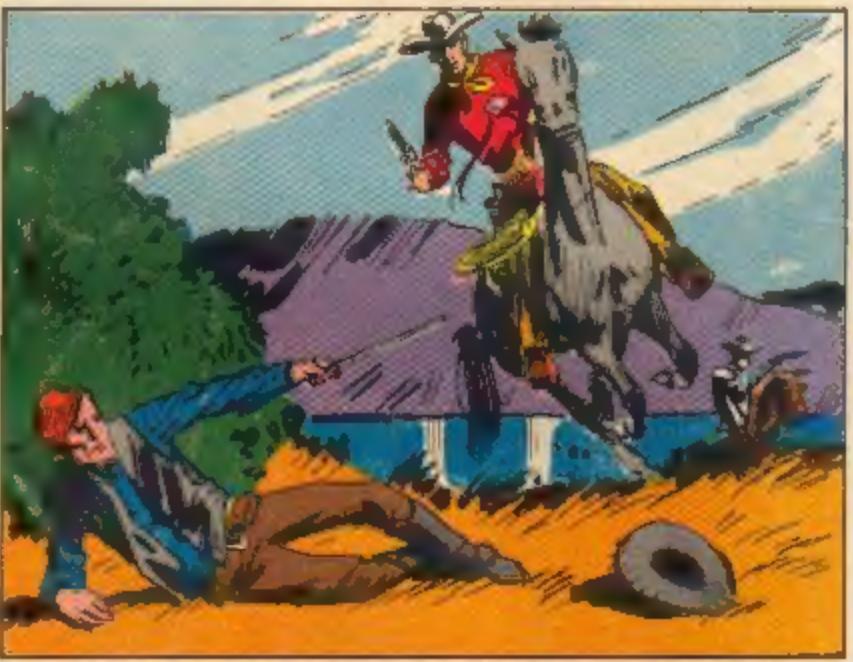
FAMOUS WESTERNERS



IN THE SPRING OF 1867, YOUNG GEORGE REYNOLDS AND SOME OTHER COWBOYS FOUND THEMSELVES IN A HOT FIGHT WITH INDIANS, AWAY UP THE BRAZOS RIVER.



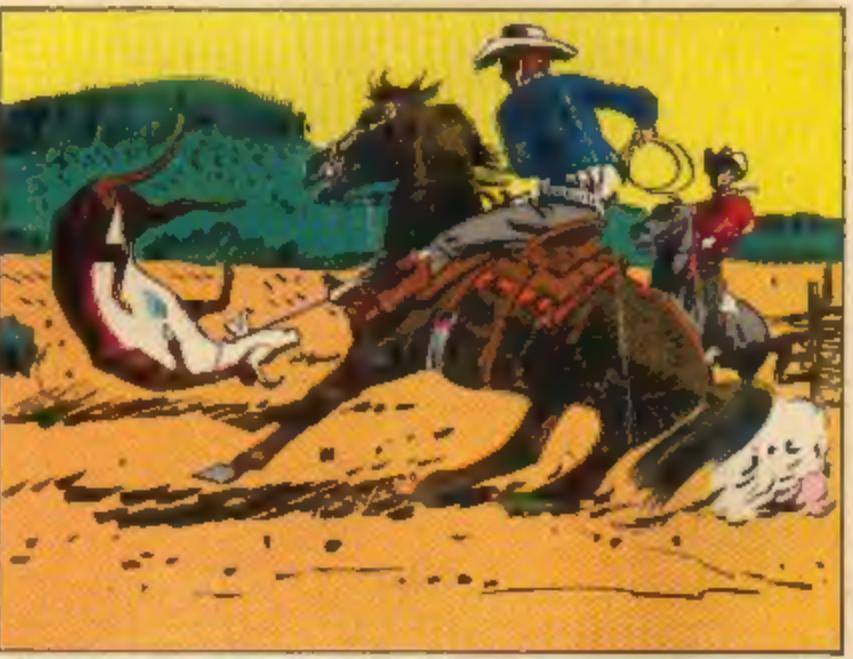
AN ARROW CAUGHT REYNOLDS DEAD-CENTER, STRIKING THROUGH TO LODGE AGAINST HIS BACKBONE. HALF PARALYZED, HE COULD NO LONGER KEEP IN THE SADDLE! HE FELL.



A FRIEND PULLED UP TO ASK WHICH INDIAN SHOT HIM. HOLDING THE HEADLESS ARROWSHAFT, GEORGE GASPED: "THE ONE IN THE RED SHIRT! --- I'LL HAVE HIS HAIR!"



THE FIGHT ENDED WITH HALF A DOZEN INDIANS DEAD, AND ALL THE COWBOYS ALIVE! GEORGE MADE THE TRIP HOME ON TWO PACK HORSES --- THE ARROWHEAD STILL IN HIS BACK.



NOT MANY WEEKS LATER, GEORGE REYNOLDS WAS RIDING AGAIN! WHEN ASKED WHEN HE WAS GOING TO HAVE THAT ARROWHEAD CUT OUT, HE ANSWERED: "WHEN I'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO!"